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NOVEMBER 28, 1960



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VOL. LXXVI NO. 22



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*(Humboldt Mining Co. is jointly owned by
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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: Jack Kennedy, our President.
A. KUPIDLOWSKI
Stonington, Conn.

Sir: Your nomination should be a composite man. Whether he had been involved in the shooting at Sharpeville, the Congo, Algeria, or Nigeria the world has at last begun to take notice of "The African Man." His emergence on the world scene is not only the event of the year but the touchstone of this new decade.

D.C. DE LA POER BERESFORD
Melbourne, Australia

Sir: Dag Hammarskjöld's defiance of the leader of the "East Side Rocket Gang"—Khrushchev—prompts me to nominate the valiant Swede.

E. A. BINNEY
Preston, England

Sir: I suggest the Big Five of neutralism—U.A.R.'s Nasser, India's Nehru, Ghana's Nkrumah, Indonesia's Sukarno and Yugoslavia's Tito as Men of the Year.

MELKON GERARD DJIZMEDJIAN
Caïro

Sir: There can only be one choice: Ship's Cook Brian Quinn. He led Soviet Seaman Victor Jaanimets to freedom.

ROBERT M. SHEERIN
Saint-Jean-Cap Ferrat, France

Winners & Losers

Sir: Well, we survived Truman.
WILLIAM R. LINDLEY
Tacoma, Wash.

Sir: Now that Flopsy and Mopsy are in the White House, nobody's carats will be safe.
WILLIAM F. MARTZ
Detroit

Sir: Nixon could "stand up to Mr. K." but not a home-grown Mr. K.
FRANCIS LYNCH
Los Angeles

Sir: John F. Kennedy, a brilliant young man with plan and purpose, won the people. This country needs his winning ways. May he now make ours a winning country.
JOSEPH J. HUTTIE
Bethlehem, Pa.

Sir: Will Walter Reuther move into the White House or use it only as a business address?

RUSSELL E. ABEL
Dallas

Sir: I found it highly significant that Kennedy was on the Nov. 7 cover, while Nixon occupied it the preceding week. I'm a Republican and saw the handwriting on the wall with your Nov. 7 issue, but still voted for Nixon. Thanks for good and impartial coverage on the elections.

EILEEN MCKENNA
Syosset, N.Y.



Sir: Thought you'd be interested in the enclosed picture [see cut]. Sort of "something for everybody."

DAN O'CALLAHAN
Peebleskill, N.Y.

Sir: Now that he is out of work, I suggest the French people elect Eisenhower to replace De Gaulle and end the Algerian war.

ROBERT TIPTON
Monroe, Me.

Sir: With all the recent harping on the "youth" of the candidates, perhaps the nation's employers will now cease considering "over 40" as synonymous with "senility."

F. H. NORMAN CARTER
New York City

Sir: I am glad Mr. Kennedy won—if for no other reason than to give proof positive that we are a tolerant people. This should lay low, once and for all, the hue and cry that Protestants are a bigoted and intolerant lot of people.

CORNELIUS NICHOLAS BAKKER
Minister

The Manassah Cutler Church
(Congregational)
Hamilton, Mass.

Election Issue

Sir: I write to compliment you on the Election Extra Issue. It's not that I liked the issue because it agreed with what I think. This is partly true; but, much more, you hit every good side-light on the head, as well as describing the broad flow of the election itself. To do this as shrewdly and entertainingly as you did is one thing; to collect, edit, write, print and distribute the whole thing in little over a day is tremendous.

JOHN ROTCHFORD
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

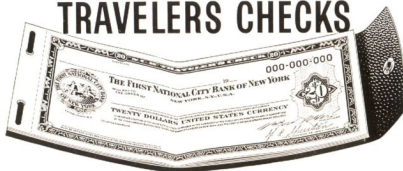
The Alamo

Having just seen John Wayne's *The Alamo*, I was amazed to read your hatchet job in your Nov. 7 issue. The review, which



the niciest things happen to people who carry

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found fault with everything except the institution of John Wayne himself, was filled with distortions and evidenced a deliberately hostile reviewer ("the picture was as flat as Texas"). No mention was made that the picture has a patriotic theme showing how diverse and often feuding men banded together with the common purpose of fighting for liberty.

BEN E. PINGENOT

Eagle Pass, Texas

Sir:

Re your review of *The Alamo*: after a fairly steady diet of doom, declining prestige and farm income dull candidates, dull debates, and disunited nations, may I offer my heartfelt thanks for the first genuine laugh in months.

MRS. JAN M. LAITOS

Omaha

It's Only Art

Sir:

Many of the features in your Art section have been far out in left field, but this one about Jean Dubuffet is the limit. He is simply a gangster who expresses his antisocial character and makeup in the medium of painting. Maybe I am old-fashioned in believing that art should have an esthetic appeal.

SVEND E. ANDERSEN

Nutley, N.J.

Sir:

Oh for the good old days when a painting was addressed to the eye instead of to the ear, when it spoke for itself and needed no explanation. Now vision is verbalized, and the honest artist is out of fashion—and out of luck. I might suggest that \$30,000 for a mess of refuse from the town dump is a high price to pay for jargon. Happily, the wheel will turn.

DONALD C. GREASON

Bernardston, Mass.

Sir:

The critics, who once scorned Dubuffet, now, according to *Time*, call him "the most important painter to come out of postwar France." But the public continues to scorn him, because he is ahead of his times and the public, as usual, is behind the times.

ROSALIND CONSTABLE

New York City

Sir:

Congratulations on your Dubuffet article. It is good to see a painter working fresh connections of mind and eye. More strong digressions like his are needed to assimilate the art of the past and give the impetus necessary to handle new facets of today's vision. His work is not cruel but intelligently kind.

ALFONSO OSSORIO

East Hampton, N.Y.

☞ Painter-Collector Ossorio owns 45 Dubuffets.—Ed.

The Fizz Kids

Sir:

Re your Nov. 7 issue: Ted Bates & Co. is not the agency for "Miles Laboratories (Alka-Seltzer)."

FRANCIS E. SAMMONS JR.

Ted Bates & Co. Inc.

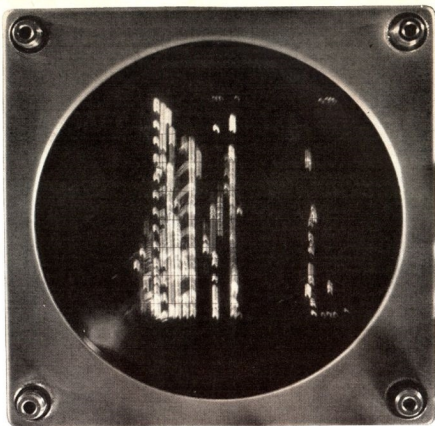
New York City

Sir:

The item both upset our stomach and gave us a headache, we naturally dropped two Alka-Seltzer tablets in a glass of water. While they fizz, we will call to your attention

TIME, NOVEMBER 28, 1960

PICTURE OF
TELEPHONE
CALLS BEING
HANDLED A
REMARKABLE
NEW WAY



Bell System's new Electronic Central Office (now being tested) forecasts a startling variety of useful new telephone services



The oscilloscope screen above gives you an idea of how telephone calls will some day be handled—*electronically*—by a remarkable new system.

A screen like this is monitoring experimental Electronic Central Office equipment which we recently began testing in Morris, Illinois. The "pips" of light you see on the screen represent the system's thought processes as it puts calls through, while checking itself constantly for errors.

This test is very significant, because the future Electronic Central Office will let your telephone do pretty nearly anything you want it to.

For example, you may be able to dial a three-way phone conversation right in town... or have your calls automatically transferred to a friend's house where you're spending the evening... or ask the Office to keep after a busy number and make the connection as soon as it's free.

These are just a few of the many services this new switching system could make possible.

"It looks in the back of the book"

An engineer at Bell Telephone Laboratories uses this comparison to dramatize the difference between the Electronic Central Office and previous switching systems:

"Suppose," he says, "that two students are trying to find the square root of 841. One is doing it the hard way, figuring with paper and pencil. The other just reaches for an engineering handbook, flips to the right place and looks up the answer, 29, in the tables.

"The Electronic Central Office works basically the same way. When you dial a number, it will decide how to connect you by 'looking in the back of the book'—a huge permanent memory in which we have stored the answers to every situation that can possibly arise."

Product of Continuing Research

The Electronic Central Office is still in the trial stage. Some of our customers in Morris are helping us test it now, and more are being added every week. We're watching their reactions very carefully, because we want to know how to improve the switching system, and what new services people would like to have.

This early demonstration of electronic switching is the achievement of many years of Bell Telephone research in many fields of science. It depends, for instance, on the Transistor, a Bell Laboratories invention, for its economy and reliability. And it shows the important progress we can make with reasonable earnings under America's free enterprise system.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Little Peas bred to go with plump, young Long Island ducklings

That fine bird swimming in its savory sauce might so daze you with delight, that you would be tempted to ignore—or take for granted—other foods served with it. Except, we allow, Le Sueur Brand peas. They eagerly invite competition.

For there is no mistaking these tiny, very tender peas. Years and years of careful breeding brought forth their exceptional sweetness and flavor. And they are grown on only a very few square miles of land, where conditions of climate and soil are deemed ideal. The result is a pea unlike all others, except perhaps the famed Petits Pois of France.

We invite you to support your finest entrée with Le Sueur Brand peas soon. The tiny, very tender ones.



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ALBERT G. WADE II

Wade Advertising
Chicago

Independent Times

SIR:

TIME, NOV. 14, SAYS THE ST. PETERSBURG "TIMES" IS OWNED BY MY COMPETITOR, BRITISH PRESS LORD ROY THOMSON. THE ST. PETERSBURG "TIMES" IS ONE OF FEW U.S. NON-COMMUNIST NEWSPAPERS OWNED BY A WRITING EDITOR WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO MY EXECUTORS TO KEEP IT THAT WAY.

NELSON POYNTER
EDITOR-PRESIDENT

ST. PETERSBURG TIMES
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

Sir:

The St. Petersburg Independent is a member of the Thomson Group. Incidentally, the Independent is the only newspaper in the world which gives away free papers when the sun falls to shine. In 50 years the first edition has been given away free 211 times.

LOYAL PHILLIPS

St. Petersburg Independent
St. Petersburg, Fla.

A Quiet American

Sir:

I was very much moved by your Oct. 31 story of Mark Higgins and his death in the Congo. He did a brave and wonderful thing in refusing to accept the "set pattern" by choosing to work in Africa with Missionary Albert Schweitzer.

MARY D. EDWARDS

New York City

The Nuclear Argument

Sir:

I note the judgment of Professor I. I. Rabi, member of the President's Science Advisory Board (TIME, November 14th), that I am "not technically qualified to discuss such questions" as I raised in my two open letters to the Presidential candidates on the issue of nuclear tests. Professor Rabi apparently means that, since I am not a nuclear physicist, I am incompetent to discuss issues of public policy with regard to the development of nuclear technology. This is an absurd and arrogant judgment.

In January, 1951, just after President Truman had issued his directive to determine the technical feasibility of a thermo-nuclear weapon, I was appointed to the Atomic Energy Commission. I recall that Professor Rabi and some of his confreres on the General Advisory Council were profoundly wrong at that time, both in their scientific estimates about the feasibility and practicability of the new weapon. It turned out later that the Soviet Union was no more than six months behind us in nuclear technology. Their thermo-nuclear or H-bomb test was made,

in fact, only about six months after ours.

I am aware of Professor Rabi's strongly emotional opposition, and that of a segment of the scientific fraternity, to the resumption of nuclear tests. In my judgment Professor Rabi and his confreres are wrong again. Their technical qualifications as nuclear physicists do not guarantee the validity of their views on public policy.

I note also that Dr. Hans Bethe, Professor of Physics at Cornell University, commented that I was attempting "to divert public opinion from the real issue: to get a treaty that could lead to disarmament." On the contrary, I was attempting to divert public opinion to the real issue, which is the technological progress of the U.S. For two years our advance in nuclear technology has been stopped by the moratorium on tests. Meanwhile the progress of the Soviet Union—so one must assume, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary—has continued unchecked and uncontrolled.

My open letters to the candidates called attention—in necessarily guarded fashion, owing to security regulations—to the possibility of revolutionary new weapons. Doubt has been publicly cast on the military value of these new weapons by Dr. David R. Inglis, past Chairman of the Federation of American Scientists. He could readily clear up his doubt by reference to the official request of the armed services—the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force—for a study, on an urgent basis, of such weapons.

I must also advert to the charge of "irresponsibility" made against me by Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, member of the President's Science Advisory Committee. His position apparently is that all discussion of new possibilities in nuclear technology is "irresponsible" and "scare" talk. From a nuclear scientist who must know that nuclear technology is in its infancy and that its possibilities are almost endless this statement is incomprehensible. He further maintains that nothing must "inhibit the government" in its endeavor to reach an agreement with the Soviet Union on the cessation of nuclear tests. He apparently shares the current obsession, prevalent in a sector of the scientific community and unfortunately communicated to the government, that a treaty to end nuclear tests is somehow inevitably the beginning of disarmament and a guarantee of peace. This is nonsense. For my part I maintain that nothing should inhibit the government in providing for the nuclear progress of the U.S. in the interests of military security. If we can think of nothing in the field of arms control about which to negotiate except a ban on nuclear tests we are indeed at the end of our political and diplomatic rope.

THOMAS E. MURRAY

New York City

Reader Murray, former member of the AEC (1950-57) is special consultant to the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy.—Ed.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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Certainly the Christmas season is a wonderful time to exercise that privilege, although acquiring good books knows no time or season.

We dedicate this space to the principle of free and unlimited exploration of the minds of men and we salute the book publishing industry which makes such exploration an enduring reality.

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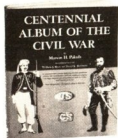
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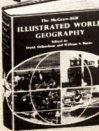
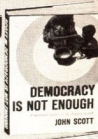
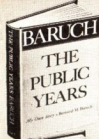
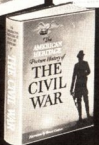
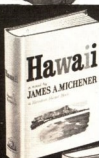
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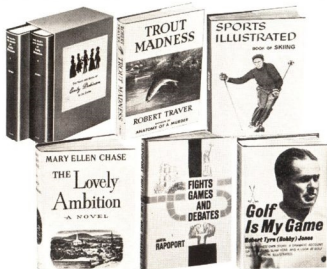
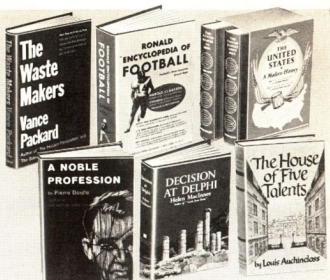
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer



SYMINGTON & RESTON BY KOERNER

WITH this week's portrait of Columnist Sylvia Porter, Vienna-born artist Henry Koerner, 45, chalks up cover portrait No. 15—a gallery of paintings that have caused some TIME readers to applaud us for printing great art, others to hoot in dismay. One woman was so appalled by the appearance of New York Times Washington Correspondent James Reston (Feb. 15) that she wrote in asking about the state of his health: "The boiled right eye with its drooping lid, the bulbous nose—everything he eats or drinks must disagree with him."

Added another reader about Senator Stuart Symington (Nov. 9, 1959): "I must protest the green eyebrows, inflamed eyes, mud under his chin and apoplexy in place of hair."

The painter's big job is to find what Koerner calls "an invention"—a pose, a gesture or expression that somehow reveals the essence of the person before him. "I invade privacy," says Koerner, "the most highly secret, sacred pri-

vacy." The green hair and the purple patches of flesh are in fact a legacy of the impressionists—"the idea of green foliage, blue sky, warmth of flesh, all playing, interchanging with each other." For the dominant color of the painting as a whole, Koerner searches for clues in the subject's own character. Sylvia Porter sat for him for 15 hours over a period of five days in her Manhattan apartment. For the background, Koerner climbed to the top of the New York Post building "so I could see Wall Street and make blobs. The wind was fantastic and I said to myself, 'Why am I so insane?' But I wanted the blackness of the canyon, with a background of evenly lit windows. You invent as you go."

As to the subject's reaction to a Koerner portrait, Sylvia Porter's might be taken as typical. "I think it's a great portrait," says she. "I don't think it's flattering. But I think it's a great portrait."

NEWMAN SCHWARTZ



KOERNER & KOERNER BY KOERNER

INDEX

Cover Story	46	Hemisphere	28	Press	46
Art	72	Letters	5	Religion	77
Books	98	Medicine	69	Show Business	61
Business	88	Milestones	96	Sport	34
Cinema	56	Music	45	Theater	40
Education	81	National Affairs	15	Time Listings	104
Foreign News	22	People	32		

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. LXXVI No. 22

November 28, 1960

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



U.S.S. SHANGRI-LA IN THE CARIBBEAN
A promise of swift support.

J. R. Eyerman—Life

THE NATION

Notice Posted

The U.S. put the world on notice last week that it intends to stop the spread of armed Communism in the Caribbean by force if necessary.

The notice was publicly posted when four radar picket destroyers escorted the 70-plane carrier *Shangri-La* southward from Florida into the Caribbean. In response to requests from Guatemala and Nicaragua, said President Eisenhower, the U.S. would maintain a patrol to halt the shipment of arms or volunteers from Castro's Cuba to aid revolutionaries in those Central American countries. The U.S. intention had been less formally asserted weeks before when part of the 8th Marine Expeditionary Unit, 1,500 men aboard the assault carrier *Boxer* and accompanying ships, began conducting training exercises in the Caribbean area.

The decision to send *Shangri-La* was made by the President during his vacation at Augusta, Ga. after a special meeting of the National Security Council, which weighed intelligence of a heavy buildup of Communist jets, tanks, artillery and small arms in Cuba (TIME, Nov. 14). Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty announced that the Navy would "seek out and prevent any intervention on the part of Communist-directed elements in the internal affairs of Guatemala and Nicaragua through the landing of armed forces or supplies from abroad." As explained by the State Department, this meant that U.S. forces would conduct a regular search of the Caribbean, but would not act to intercept suspicious vessels unless 1) those ships were within

the three-mile territorial limits of Nicaragua and Guatemala, and 2) those countries specifically requested the U.S. Navy to intercept. One job of the electronics-crammed destroyers will be to detect small fishing boats or yachts—or possibly foreign submarines—and prevent them from landing shipments of arms at night.

While the orders pinpointed the troubles in Nicaragua and Guatemala (see THE HEMISPHERE), they showed a U.S. firmness toward Castro & Co. that was notably missing in the days before the election. Henceforth, Navy patrol planes will scan the east coast of Central America while the *Shangri-La* squadron operates in the general area southwest of Cuba. The *Boxer* Marine unit will continue to conduct exercises in Puerto Rico and send Marines ashore on weekend liberty in friendly Caribbean ports.

The U.S. acted as one sovereign nation answering the appeal for help of other sovereign nations—such as the President moved troops into Lebanon in 1958. The order not only put teeth into the President's statement of last July promising firm support for the Monroe Doctrine, but broadened the doctrine to include swift support for any Latin American nation that felt itself under threat from Communism.

THE ECONOMY

End of an Easygoing Era

News men languidly covering President Eisenhower's vacation at Augusta, Ga. suddenly perked up last week when Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson and Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates flew in from Washington for a 2½-hour huddle

with their boss. Pressing topic: the U.S.'s nagging deficit in international payments and the resulting drain on U.S. gold reserves, eroding international confidence in the soundness of the dollar.

Next day the President sent ripples of concern spreading around the world with a sweeping presidential directive designed to slow the U.S.'s gold outflow by curbing U.S. spending overseas. "A definite improvement in our balance-of-payments situation is mandatory," said Ike. "not only to insure our economic well-being and military security here at home, but also to insure that the U.S. can continue as a strong partner in the future economic growth and military strength of the free world."

Farewell to Chauffeurs. What stirred up the biggest headlines was the President's order to reduce the number of U.S. servicemen's dependents living overseas from the present 484,000 to 200,000. But more momentous was the broad, tough order to Government departments to cut down on offshore purchases of foreign goods and buy U.S. goods instead. Under the President's directive, the International Cooperation Administration (the main foreign-aid agency) will slap a ceiling on all expenditures that "do not finance direct procurement of U.S. goods and services," and so will the \$300 million Development Loan Fund. The armed forces will cut down on offshore procurement, and U.S. post exchanges and commissaries overseas will stock only U.S. goods. At the same time the U.S. will twist every foreign arm in sight to get reductions in tariffs on American goods and thus boost U.S. exports.

In U.S. military settlements overseas,

the news about dependents touched off flurries of dismay—even though the reduction is to be carried out gently and gradually, not by separating families already overseas, but by sending fewer dependents abroad in the future. Many a serviceman grumbled that he would not re-enlist if he could not have his wife and children with him overseas, and Army Secretary Wilber Brucker, playing his favorite role of Big Brother to Army dissidents, made things worse by warning of plunging morale. At a U.S. military colony near Paris, an Army officer's wife looked up from a children's party and said wistfully: "I just sent my husband's chauffeur to get a case of Coke.

trade barriers against U.S. goods and 2) take on a bigger share of the burdens of defending the free world and aiding the underdeveloped countries. This week, in pursuit of these goals, Anderson and Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon are scheduled to meet with top West German officials in Bonn (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Hot Money. Despite Anderson's efforts, the U.S.'s balance-of-payments difficulties worsened during the second half of 1960. A droop in the U.S. economy, bringing lower interest rates, led to a heavy outflow of "hot money"—private capital that shifts from one country to another in pursuit of high interest. A few

THE PRESIDENCY

They Still Like Ike

Even as Dwight Eisenhower's Republican Party was losing the 1960 election, 58% of the U.S. public, according to a Gallup poll taken in late October, approved of the way he was doing his job. Ike's popularity has averaged an astonishing 61% throughout his last year in office. By contrast, Harry Truman's popular backing in October 1952 was 32%.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

Flying High

After a mere three days in the sunny seclusion of his father's sumptuous Palm Beach mansion, President-elect John Kennedy was off and running. He flew to two top-level conferences: one with Vice President Richard Nixon, at his Key Biscayne retreat 20 minutes by plane down the coast of Florida from Palm Beach, and the other with Vice President-elect Lyndon Johnson, at his L.B.J. ranch in Texas.

The conference with Nixon (reportedly prearranged by a telephone call between Joe Kennedy and his old friend Herbert Hoover) was outwardly just a good-will trip, to heal the recent campaign wounds. After greeting each other warmly in front of Nixon's stucco villa, the two recent adversaries retreated behind the screening around the Vice President's sun porch and talked animatedly for more than an hour. They talked some about the problems of transition and foreign policy, discussed the subject of possible Republicans in the Kennedy Administration, and agreed to meet again in about two weeks (when Nixon might be better prepared to submit names of likely Republicans for whatever jobs Kennedy wants to fill).

Beyond that, there were no specifics. "The fact that I am here indicates, I think, what my desire is for our relationship," said Kennedy in a post-meeting press conference. "A very gracious act," said Nixon at his own separate conference. "I, of course, would have been very glad to have called upon him, and the fact that he wanted to come here, I think, is an excellent example of how our American system works." Nixon took pains to say that he and Kennedy agreed on "the proper role of an opposition party and of an opposition leader"—a remark that was interpreted as 1) an indication that he would accept no job in the Kennedy Administration, and 2) notice to any wondering Republicans that he frankly intends to be the G.O.P. leader.

Hopping over to Texas two days later, Kennedy landed in a drizzle at the L.B.J. ranch, was met by Lyndon Baines Johnson outfitted in a Texas rancher's cream-colored leather jacket, tan Stetson, tight pants and cowboy boots. Johnson seemed crestfallen when his leader, in grey pin-stripe Ivy League, politely but firmly declined to put on a five-gallon Stetson before photographers. But L.B.J. quickly picked up the pace, hauled Kennedy off for a bumpy inspection tour in a Lincoln convertible while the press and Secret Serv-



THE PRESIDENT WITH SECRETARIES GATES & ANDERSON IN AUGUSTA
Who would carry the case of Cokes?

I don't suppose I'll be able to do that any more, will I?"

Soft-Spoken Crusade. For the U.S., as for thousands of U.S. servicemen's wives, the presidential directive marked the end of an easygoing era. Since 1950, with the rebuilt economies of Western Europe and Japan giving the U.S. brisk competition in international trade, the U.S. has found itself running increasingly into the red in its overall international accounts. The U.S. still exports more merchandise than it imports, but the balance is not big enough to make up for the outflow of dollars in foreign-aid programs, U.S. capital investments, spending by U.S. tourists, and the maintenance of U.S. armed forces overseas. Result: the U.S. has to send gold abroad to balance its accounts. In the past three years, U.S. gold reserves have dwindled by \$4.5 billion, a jolting 20%.

Treasury Secretary Anderson saw three years ago that if the gold outflow kept up it would endanger the stability of the dollar. He set out on a soft-spoken crusade to help right the U.S. balance of payments by persuading prosperous Western Europe and Japan to 1) lower

weeks ago, fading international confidence in the dollar reached a feverish climax when speculators in the London gold market bid up the price of gold to more than \$40 an ounce—far above the official U.S. price of \$35. Anderson felt that desperate remedies were called for, but the White House insisted on waiting until the election was over before acting.

As finally issued, the President's directive had a desperate tone about it, with its "buy American" restrictions running counter to the longstanding Administration goal of freer world trade. The pinchy, protectionist mood of the directive made it plain that the balance-of-payments deficit is one of the gravest problems facing the U.S. and its new President. It would be a body blow to the free world if the U.S. tried to solve the problem by slashing foreign aid or by retreating to protectionism after a decade of heartening progress toward freer trade. To avoid those paths, the U.S. will have to increase its exports, and that will entail meeting foreign-price competition by increasing productivity and translating part of the productivity gains into lower prices instead of higher wages.

ice men trailed unhappily behind. The President-elect peered through the windshield wipers at white-faced Herefords blinking in the headlights, and the Vice President-elect reported their whereabouts to the ranch house over his radiotelephone ("We're down here by Grandpop's house, near the old graveyard").

Back at the house, the two men talked intermittently during the next 24 hours, with time out for a deer hunt by the dawn's early light (Kennedy and Johnson each bagged two bucks—the legal limit) and Lyndon and Lady Bird's 26th wedding anniversary dinner (one anniversary gift: a silver tray, from "Jack and Jackie"). The two men mulled over plans for the organization of the new Congress, the NATO parliamentarians' meeting in Paris this week (Johnson will be chairman of the U.S. delegation), and the L.B.J. role in the new Administration. "It is my belief," said Kennedy, "that Senator Johnson's great talents and experience equip him to be the most effective Vice President in the history of our country."

Back in Palm Beach, Jack Kennedy busied himself with some thick reports on the state of the nation and the world, received a parade of guests, and relaxed in the sun and the surf when he found the time.

DEMOCRATS

Voice of Experience

At a diplomatic dinner party in Washington last week, one of the town's most-often-asked questions popped up: Who will be Jack Kennedy's Secretary of State? One guest mentioned Adlai Stevenson as a possibility, drew a startlingly emphatic response from sometime (1949-53) Secretary of State Dean Acheson. "That," said Acheson, "would be disastrous."



KENNEDY & THE L.B.J.s IN TEXAS
"We're down by grandpop's."

Paul Schutzer—LIFE

THE ELECTION

What If?

The news from California made Republican hearts skip a beat. One week after election day, Vice President Dick Nixon moved into a steady 20,706-vote lead in his home state on the strength of the trickling count of absentee ballots. The switch of California's 32 electoral votes reduced Jack Kennedy's electoral count to 300, gave Nixon 223 of the 269 needed to win. Then Kennedy's lead in Minnesota (11) dropped on recheck to a shaky 22,011 (out of 1,537,844 votes cast). Since Kennedy's margins in such heavy-electoral-vote states as Illinois (27) and New Jersey (16) were less than 1%, Republicans were tantalized by the thought that a series of hard-nosed re-counts could give Nixon the magic 269 after all.

The chances were something like hitting the daily double five days in a row, but the Republican high command began to wonder if they weren't worth a bet. Three days after election, G.O.P. National Chairman Thruston Morton had asked party leaders in eleven states to evaluate the narrow Democratic results and see whether expensive re-counts (e.g., \$50 a ballot box or voting machine in Pennsylvania) would be worthwhile. Most of the party leaders sent negative replies. But last week, after an emergency meeting of the National Committee in Washington, G.O.P. investigators moved into eight marginal states (Illinois, Texas, Missouri, New Mexico, Nevada, South Carolina, New Jersey and Pennsylvania) for a "close, hard look at the situation." Illinois Republicans, scanning a shaky 10-157 Kennedy lead—mostly in machine-run Democratic Cook County—had already ordered a re-count of more than 5,000 precincts. "If in Illinois and several other states Nixon receives a fair and accurate count," said Nixon's Illinois Lieutenant Bill Rentschler confidently, "then Nixon will be inaugurated in January."

Congenial Ticket? If the Republicans could dream, so could certain disgruntled Democrats who hope the South will rise again. In Montgomery, Ala., Lawyer R. Lea Harris ("just an interested citizen") called for a conference of Southern electors with Jack Kennedy to force Kennedy to agree to certain "requests" (e.g., restoration of states' rights). If Kennedy declined the invitation, said Harris, the 128 Southern electors should seek a coalition with Republican electors to name a more congenial ticket, composed of a Southern Democratic President (such as Georgia's Dick Russell) and a Republican Vice President (such as Henry Cabot Lodge or Barry Goldwater). Even though most of the Southern electors are pledged to vote for Kennedy, reasoned Harris, they are not bound to do so if their consciences forbid it.

More practical Southerners dreamed of a re-count reversal as a possible road to throwing the election into the House of Representatives. If both Nixon and Kennedy fell short of a majority, the unpledged electors of Mississippi (8) and



KENNEDY & NIXON IN FLORIDA
"A very gracious act."

UPI

Alabama (6) would back a third candidate—reportedly Virginia's Harry Byrd—and the election would go to the new Congress for decision. Meeting in joint session next Jan. 6, with Vice President Nixon presiding, the Senators and Representatives would receive the official count of electoral voting, and then adjourn, with each body reconvening immediately in its own chamber, the House to elect a President, the Senate a Vice President. There would be little doubt about the choice of Vice President: the Senators, voting individually, would divide along partisan lines, with 64 Democrats to 36 Republicans—and Texas' sitting Senator Lyndon Johnson would have the rare privilege of voting for himself.

Capricious Congressmen. In the House's balloting for President, each state delegation would cast a single ballot. The voters' choice in each state would make no difference (Nixon won 27 states, Kennedy 22), and the delegations presumably would follow historical precedent and vote along rigid party lines. Nixon could count on 17 votes from states with a majority of Republican Congressmen (including four states that voted for Kennedy in the general election). Kennedy could rely on 28 (including ten that cast their electoral votes for Nixon). Four states with evenly split delegates would probably cast tie votes, be disqualified. And maverick Mississippi presumably would go for Byrd. Mathematically, Kennedy could still expect to win, but a few capricious Congressmen might change everything.

Such were the dreams of the dissatisfied in the aftermath of the closest election of the century—with Kennedy's popular-vote margin at week's end down to a mere 179,069 out of 67,611,819 votes cast. So far there were no signs that the man whom the world was learning to think of as President of the U.S. was having any corresponding nightmares.

REFORMING THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

A Close Election Gives Old Arguments New Force

"This was a good system in horse-and-buggy days," said Democratic Senate Whip Mike Mansfield last week, "but we ought to bring it up to date." Promptly the Wall Street Journal disputed him: "This system works remarkably well . . . Abolishing it would be one more blow at the federal structure, one more step toward centralization of power in the national Government." In the wake of the 20th century's closest election, politicians and pundits locked anew in an old debate: Should the electoral college be abolished, or reformed to enhance the power of the popular vote?

THE Founding Fathers rejected a popular election for the presidency. "It would be as unnatural to refer the choice . . . to the people," said Virginia's George Mason, "as it would to refer a trial of colours to a blind man." The Constitutional Convention determined to put the choice in the hands of an elite, struck upon a system of electors that was a compromise between big and small states. Each state would "appoint" a number of electors equal to its total Congressmen and Senators. If no presidential candidate won a clear majority from the electors, the contest would go into the House of Representatives, where each state would have one vote in choosing a President—another concession to the smaller states.

Almost immediately, the cry for change arose. As the two-party system began to evolve, the idealistic concept of elite electors deliberating over the choice of the best man began to fade. Reformers demanded that the electors be chosen and bound by popular vote. State legislatures surrendered their privilege of choosing the electors, gave in to a new system by which political parties nominated electors and the people voted for them. Over the years, the electors became mere automatons to carry out the public will. One by one, the states adopted the custom of casting all their electoral ballots for the candidate who carried a popular plurality, however small. That winner-take-all plan increased the possibility that a candidate could win an electoral majority by hair-breadth victories in big-vote states while still losing the nationwide popular vote.

After popular Andrew Jackson was done out of the presidency in 1824,⁹ the demand for reform intensified. Fuel was added to the flames in 1876, when Democrat Samuel J. Tilden outcounted Republican Rutherford B. Hayes in popular votes, but lost on the electoral tally in a contest that reeked of bribery and ballot stuffing. In 1888 Democrat Grover Cleveland won a popular plurality, but Republican Benjamin Harrison carried the college. As years passed, reformers proposed more than 100 constitutional amendments that would change the electoral college system, but conservatives and champions of the federal system scuttled them all.

Today the criticisms are basically the same as a century ago. The electoral college gives disproportionate weight to some voters and virtually disenfranchises others, e.g., the winner-take-all system provides little incentive for Democrats in Republican Vermont or Republicans in Democratic Georgia to go to the polls. Since a state gets as many electors as it has Senators plus Congressmen, the smaller states are favored at the expense of the larger. New York, with 74

times more people than Alaska, has only 15 times more electoral votes. Moreover, the electoral power is the same whether the vote is light or heavy; in 1960 the eleven states of the old Confederacy, where few Negroes are enfranchised, cast only 14% of the popular vote but 24% of the electoral vote. Furthermore, the electoral college cannot keep pace with the nation's population shifts. The 1950 census determined each state's electoral total for 1960. Had the 1960 census figures been used, Richard Nixon would have won ten additional electoral votes. Finally, although custom is strong, only a few states have laws that bind the electors to cast their votes for their party's candidate.

The perennial proposals for reform fall into three general categories:

Popular Vote. Montana Democrat Mansfield is the current leader of the crusade to cast out the college, choose the President by popular plurality. Disadvantage: a national popularity contest would be a body blow to that unique American creation, the federal system, which gives considerable weight to the rights of states.

District Vote. South Dakota's Senator Karl Mundt, a Republican who has long dreamed of uniting Northern and Southern conservatives in a single political party, leads a campaign to bring the presidential election somewhat closer to a proportional vote than it is now. He would divide each state into electoral districts, each nearly equal in population, have the voters in each district choose one elector, plus two "at large" electors to be selected statewide. Under such a system, says Mundt, "the present inordinate power of organized pressure groups in the big-city states would be reduced to proper proportions."

Proportional Vote. In 1948 then-Massachusetts Senator Henry Cabot Lodge got widespread support for an amendment specifying that each state's electoral vote be divided in proportion to its popular vote. The Senate in 1950 passed the proposal, but the House Rules Committee blocked it. Principal argument against the proportional system is that splinter parties could gain great power. Had a proportional system prevailed at the times of Lincoln (1860), Wilson (1912) and Truman—all of whom won less than a popular majority—the votes of splinter parties would have sent the contests into the House of Representatives. In 1960 a proportional count would have cut Jack Kennedy's electoral margin of victory from 300-223 to 264-259—which, being five votes less than the 269 needed to win, would have cast the election into the House of Representatives.

Every major power bloc has reason to resist reform. Any move toward a popular vote would shear the power of small states. Under either a popular or proportional system, big-city ethnic minorities and labor unions would lose their power to swing entire states. Deep-South Democrats and Farm-Belt Republicans could no longer deliver unbroke chunks of electoral votes—and their power in party councils would diminish.

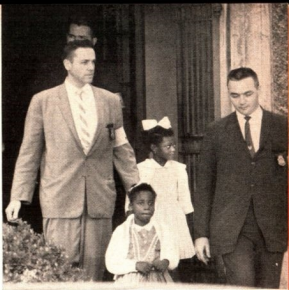
The Senate, where smaller states have a bigger voice, is unlikely to accept a constitutional amendment to abolish the college. The House, where big-state Representatives loom large, is unlikely to accept the proportional or district system. An equally formidable barrier is that a leading exponent of conserving the electoral system is the man who benefited most from it this year. Said Jack Kennedy in 1956, as he led the Senate fight against a proposal to reform or abolish the electoral college: "The proposal [] would be a breach of the agreement made with the states when they came into the Union . . . When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change."

⁹ Jackson polled 155,872 votes, John Quincy Adams 103,121, Henry Clay 46,587, W. H. Crawford 44,185. Since none won a clear majority of electoral votes, the election went to the House, where Clay threw his votes—and victory—to Adams. By no small coincidence, Clay then became Adams' Secretary of State. Later, in 1828 and 1832, Jackson won both the popular and electoral majorities, served two terms as President.



WHITE PARENTS BOOING NEGRO STUDENTS
Foaming legislators in Baton Rouge; Molotov cocktails in New Orleans.

Associated Press



U.S. MARSHALS ESCORTING FIRST-GRADERS
Don Uhrbrack

THE SOUTH

D-Day in New Orleans

The first court-ordered racial integration of public schools in the Deep South began last week in New Orleans, and the deep-seated force of racism squared off against the push of sociological change.

Two men stood at the head of the opposing forces. In the state capital of Baton Rouge, segregationist Governor Jimmie Davis—a smudged, folk-singing carbon of Arkansas' Orval Faubus—guided his legislature through a stormy special session, signing into law a paroxysm of sweeping resolutions aimed at tearing apart the New Orleans school system and whooping up segregationist emotion. In New Orleans' federal courtroom, U.S. District Court Judge J. (for James) Skelly Wright, who had ordered the school integration, countered every new law with a restraining order. New Orleans-born Judge Wright, in an unprecedented display of judicial power, eventually enjoined the Governor, the state attorney general, a whole host of city officials and the entire legislature from interfering with integration.

Caught between the fires was the five-man Orleans Parish (New Orleans) School Board, which fought desegregation for nearly eight years, then gave up to prepare for Monday, Nov. 14—marked on the desk calendar of School Board President Lloyd Rittner as D-day.

Hoots & Hoses. D-day morning came last week, humid and sultry. By 8 a.m. crowds had begun to gather in front of McDonogh 19* and William J. Frantz, the two elementary schools chosen for integrated first-grade classes. Squads of city police stood guard, some joking with the baiters, carefully refusing to answer the taunting question: "Are the niggers here yet?" Shortly after 9, when the white children were safely in class, patrolmen

herded traffic away from the two schools. Up drove several carloads of U.S. marshals with their charges: three neatly dressed, hair-ribboned, six-year-old Negro girls for McDonogh 19, one for William Frantz. The crowds, composed mostly of angry housewives, booed and yelled as the little girls were marched up the school steps by the marshals. Later, when white mothers stormed past police lines to take their children home, the fast-growing mobs applauded and brandished crudely lettered signs, e.g., "WE WANT SEGREGATION." But New Orleans' four pioneering Negro pupils stayed in class all day, were escorted safely home at night.

Next morning a mob of some 350 teenagers from nearby Nicholls High School cut classes and charged toward McDonogh 19, roaring out a football-styled chant: "Two-Four-Six-Eight, We Don't Want to Integrate." Police steered the students away from their target, but segregationist tempers started to flare. That night 6,000 whites jammed into a White Citizen's Council rally at the municipal auditorium. They stamped and shouted as former State Senator Willie Rainach ranted warnings of the "conspiracy for the destruction of the white race," and Leander Perez, the notorious political boss of Plaquemines Parish in the Mississippi Delta, foamed at Jews, Catholics, Negroes, "Judge J. Scallywag Wright," and at Mayor de Lesseps Morrison as "weasel, snakehead Morrison."

Next day 2,000 riled-up teen-agers cut classes again (one of the legislature's special acts aimed to make truancy legal) to make another futile dash at McDonogh 19. Joined this time by a throng of adults, they headed downtown for a protest "interview" with Mayor Morrison. At city hall police again blocked the way, ordered them to disperse. Instead, the mob moved on to Carondelet Street, headquarters of the city's school board. There fire trucks backed up another police line, finally scattered them with billowing streams of water. All afternoon and evening, gangs of

whites and Negroes prowled the narrow, ill-lit streets of the French Quarter, stoning cars, attacking luckless individuals who came their way, tossing homemade Molotov cocktails through darkened windows. Before the rioting ended, New Orleans' tough, alert police, working on extra-long, twelve-hour shifts, had arrested 240 persons (215 of them Negro) on charges ranging from loitering to assault.

Hip Deep. By week's end it was apparent that New Orleans would be no Little Rock. For one thing, Jimmie Davis and his legislature, perhaps mindful of Little Rock, did not care to back their last-ditch segregation laws with National Guard power, and after flare-ups of violence they began calling for moderation. For another, New Orleans' 1,073-man police force, firmly directed by Mayor Morrison and his youthful (37) Chief Joseph Giarrusso, held the violence in check, gave Davis little justification for moving in with emergency troops. Davis actually had little support among New Orleans' civic leaders. Rather than see schools closed, as Davis wanted, lawyers for the school board and for a committee of white parents worked with the N.A.A.C.P. and Judge Wright in the court war against the legislature.

After hearing arguments from both sides, a special three-man panel of federal judges agreed to rule on the constitutionality of the Louisiana legislature's surge of segregation laws. In addition, the school board asked for a temporary suspension of integration while the court ruled on the state's effort to interpose its authority between Judge Wright and the board. But until the motions are ruled on, the judges decreed, integration will continue.

Regardless of the judges' decision, the New Orleans school board is likely to be hip-deep in trouble for some time. Reason: in its frenzy the state legislature attempted to abolish the board and actually did cut off all state aid to New Orleans schools. Until the state turns the financial flow back on (normally 57% of the city's educational budget), the board lacks bor-

* One of 22 named for Philanthropist John McDonogh, who bequeathed part of his fortune to establish public schools in New Orleans.

rowing power to meet immediate bills. All this week, while school's closed for a holiday (the combination of Thanksgiving and a teachers' convention), board lawyers will meet with bankers, try to raise \$2,300,000 for an imminent teacher payroll.

After D-day plus five, the forces of law and order and decency were still holding their ground—but were still embattled.

CITIES

Time of Their Life

*Shuh-CA-go, Shuh-CA-go,
That toddling toren, toddling town,
Shuh-CA-go, Shuh-CA-go,
I'll show you around . . .*

Rare is the man who has gone home from a Chicago convention without some choice memento locked in his suitcase of memories. For one middle-aged Texas oil-

Publisher and Chicago Booster Colonel Robert McCormick, the new two-floor convention hall can feed 25,000 banquets, boasts exhibition space equal in size to six football fields. Its central location and modern facilities practically guarantee that Chicago, with its 931 conventions a year (and 1,135,000 visitors), can better even this year's \$250 million convention business and maintain its position as the nation's No. 1 convention city.

Pickles & Pies. Chicago got that way partly because of its advantageous geographical location, partly because progress has somehow never stifled the quality of its raw frontier-town spirit. It held its first major convention just 100 years ago, when its streets were still being laid out. The convention hall was a hastily built two-story frame building, the famed Wigwam, where delegates to the Republican National Convention, after brawling with each other in the streets,

loving members of the Indiana State Police did it years ago. Mostly, conventioners get their fun at nightclubs (many of which pay off \$1 per customer to cabbies who steer the right way), strip joints like the 606 Club on South Wabash, clubs like the Eros, where the belly dancers give them a fair shake for their money, or at the high-priced brothels ("We have a very important function in this city," says one civic-minded madam).

While convention goers seem somewhat more conservative than they did years ago, Chicago's lusty flavor is as permanent a fixture as the new McCormick Place. "In the old days," says one nightclub owner, "when a man came to town he turned into a naughty boy. He wanted to do something daring, get tangled up with some gal, or look at a gangster. When he went home to Paducah, he'd tell the stories, over and over, so that he got to believing them himself. He'd have Capone shooting up the ceiling and paying all the checks." Al Capone may be gone, but there is plenty of evidence that the old frontier verve still two-steps on.

*They have the time, the time of their life,
I saw a man, he danced with his wife,
In Shuh-CA-go, Shuh-CA-go, my home town.*

SPACE

High Polish

The U.S. last week polished off three new achievements in its ever-brightening space program:

❑ Discoverer XVII, launched from Vandenberg Air Force Base in California, swung into polar orbit, logged 1,000,000 miles in 31 turns around the earth, then, on signal popped its instrument capsule over the Pacific. As if that triumph of precision were not enough, an Air Force C-119 flying boxcar, one of nine planes covering a 12,500-sq.-mi. "ballpark" near Honolulu, snagged the parachuting capsule at 9,500 ft.

❑ Downrange in the South Atlantic, the recovery ship *Timber Hitch* stood by as Cape Canaveral launched an Atlas 700 miles into space. Seventy-six minutes and 5,000 miles after the blast-off, *Timber Hitch* plucked from the water a cylindrical instrument package ejected by the Atlas nose cone. Later, it was packed off to the States in a trombone case (it just happens to fit snugly within the shaped confines of a sliprhone box).

❑ In California, Test Pilot Scott Crossfield slipped into the cockpit of the experimental space plane X-15, dropped free from the wing of a high-flying B-52, gunned to 80,000 ft. at speeds nearing 2,000 m.p.h. It was the first test of the X-15's new 57,000-lb.-thrust engine, the most powerful airplane rocket engine that the U.S. has built to date (earlier X-15 engines developed 16,000 lbs. thrust). Said Crossfield, who flew only at half throttle: Acceleration with the new engine was so abrupt that it was "almost like an explosion."



Art Shoy

CONVENTIONEERS AT CHICAGO'S GASLIGHT CLUB
Half-shell and all.

man recently, it was the long, goose-pimpled wait for a rendezvous with a \$50 floozy in a plum-colored parlor; for a life-insurance salesman from New Jersey, it was a harmless evening in an elegant and naughty North-Side Key Club; for a mackinawed Dakota farmer back in 1906, it was a dinner at the old Saratoga Hotel, where after ordering a fancy dish called oysters on the half shell, he devoured the oysters and then crunched through the shells. But though Chicago, in its own sullen and grimy way, has afforded millions of conventioners a variety of pleasures, its convention facilities have grown woefully inadequate over the years. Last week the city solved that problem with the opening of a brand-new hall, the \$35 million lake-front McCormick Place, "larger than the Circus Maximus of ancient Rome and more durable than the Colosseum."

Named for the late Chicago Tribune

nominated Abe Lincoln for the presidency.

Since then, the town has played host to 14 G.O.P. and nine Democratic conventions, not to mention the Pickle Packers, Lawn Bowlers, Button Collectors, Flying Farmers, Moms of America, Amalgamated Poultry Sexers, Cigar Box Manufacturers, Match Cover Collectors, Chihuahua Clubbers, International Twins Association, National Cherry Pie Bakers, National Curled Hair Manufacturers, and the Egg Case Fillers of America.

Comedy of Eros. These people and their convention-bound brethren in scores of other organizations no longer go in much for zany pranks. Hardly anybody has dumped 100 lbs. of green paint out of a 15th-floor hotel window since the American Legion convention of 1920; and there have been very few instances of people tossing water-filled paper bags from hotel windows since the fellows from the National Safety Council and the comedy-

DEFENSE

Polaris Goes to Work

"Have you plenty of cigars, Jim?" asked Rear Admiral Kenmore McManes, commandant of the Sixth Naval District. Replied Commander James B. Osborn, between puffs on his stogie: "I've got 15 boxes, Admiral." Moments later, as a Navy band whomped up a rousing Sousa march on a closely guarded pier at the Charleston (S.C.) Navy Yard dock, Osborn, 42, stepped aboard the nuclear Polaris submarine *George Washington*, in whose vast holds huge quantities of provisions—from missile-shaped cigars to cigar-shaped missiles—had been stored. Then Skipper Osborn bellowed a time-honored order: "Cast off all lines!" Soon the sub pointed her bulbous nose down the Cooper River and headed for sea to inaugurate a new era in the arcane cold-war art of keeping the peace.

Hidden from enemy eyes, safe from enemy attack, her nuclear-tipped priority cargo of 16 Polaris missiles constantly at the ready, *George Washington* was bound on history's first underwater missile patrol. Skipper Osborn's orders were secret, but best guesses were that he would take station beneath the subarctic waters of the Norwegian and Barents seas. Cruising within a 1,200-mile range of Soviet targets from Moscow to Omsk (see map), *George Washington* will be joined by her sister ship, *Patrick Henry*, within two months. With their total of 32 missiles, the two ships will of themselves fill any known present-day missile gap—a pair of mobile weapons adding devastating power to U.S. defensive force.

Nurses in the Forest. Each submarine will remain submerged for 60 days at a time (*George Washington* will spend Christmas and New Year's at sea), and effectiveness will depend on precise maintenance. In order to launch missiles on target with accuracy, the ship must know its exact location. The complicated celestial-periscope system has 80,000 components and must be kept working to perfection. The periscope runs a constant double check on the Cadillac-sized SINS (ship's inertial navigation system), which tracks the sub's underwater course with pinpoint accuracy. The missiles are housed gently in their tubes in the compartment that the submen call "Sherwood Forest." They must be wet-nursed hour by hour, their computers prepared to receive fire-control data, their gyros kept warmed and ready, their switches checked and rechecked so that they can be fired on 15 minutes' notice. The main atomic power plants must be tended by technicians with a highly specialized training that was never needed at sea before the age of nuclear ships.

Despite the unending technical and mechanical complications, Polaris subs are built to stay at sea up to three years. They are untethered by the standard submarine's fuel and oxygen limitations. They can manufacture their own atmosphere without surfacing. Only the limitations



SKIPPER OSBORN
Happy half of the time.

Associated Press

of human endurance will require that they make port every two months. In home port for *Washington* and *Henry* will be the Polaris sub tender *Proteus*, stationed at Holy Loch, an anchorage in Scotland's River Clyde. Each ship will have a second, fully trained crew waiting to take her back to sea. With fresh "Blue" and "Gold" crews alternating on duty, Polaris subs will be able to stay on station almost twice as long as their World War II predecessors.

The Navy harbors little doubt about

the ability of Polaris crews to stand the gaff. The ten officers and 90 enlisted men on each ship are all products of a probing, prying selection system modeled after the officer-procurement methods set up by the uncompromising perfectionist who is the most influential man in the U.S. nuclear Navy: Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover.

So high is the morale of Polaris submariners that most of them have without not only the temptations of private industry (almost every Polarisman has been offered civilian work at higher-than-service pay) but also the strains on family life. After each 60-day patrol, crews will be flown home for 30 days of leave; then they will get 30 days of refresher training before they take up their under-seas stations once more. "What difference does it make if you're away half the year?" says one resigned submariner. "Whether you get along with your wife or not, you're bound to be happy half the time."

Fail-Safe. At sea all hands take exquisite pains to keep the encapsulated atmosphere habitable. Navy chemists know that animal fats break down during cooking and give off eye-irritating chemicals, so ship's cooks use vegetable fats instead of lard. Bleaches are forbidden in the ships' laundries; they release chlorine that would contaminate the atmosphere. Aerosol shaving creams are prohibited because of their Freon gas. Ship's doctors must guard their clinical thermometers carefully; if broken, their mercury might evaporate into deadly fumes. But as important as the air itself is the attention to the inner man: *Patrick Henry's* Gold crew is happier than its Blue crew simply because it has a better cook.

Even when underwater, Polaris submarines keep constant contact with the Navy's new, long-wave (very low frequency) transmitting stations. But since the ships are on their own, the Navy has an elaborate, secret "Fail-Safe" countdown system that would prevent any captain, or any other officer who has cracked under the tension of his job, from declaring war on his own. One key provision: no missile can be fired without the joint order of the skipper and his executive officer.*

If the Navy has its way, 45 Polaris subs will eventually be available for ocean patrol by 1965, with 30 on station at a time. This means constant coverage of 480 Soviet targets—from cities to airfields. In those 30 subs will be some 3,000 of the most highly trained members of the U.S. armed forces, whose dangerous business will be to keep the peace. Their faith in their job is spelled out in the Polaris submariner's variation on a theme by Oliver Cromwell: "Put your trust in the Lord and keep your deterrent mobile."

* Noting the inherent risks, the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* observed last week that the skipper-executive officer team at sea thus becomes "as effectively a nuclear power as, say, Britain or France. The choice of these men, and their discipline and training, must be far more exacting than anything which has gone before."



FOREIGN NEWS

WORLD ECONOMY

Redressing the Balance

From Washington this week two grimly determined men set out for Europe bent on keeping friends—but saving U.S. gold and dollars. To strengthen their sales pitch, Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson and Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon had a potent new persuader: the seeds of a "Buy American" policy in the cuts in U.S. spending abroad decreed last week by Dwight Eisenhower (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). But it was unlikely that the travelers would be obliged to brandish this weapon. Unable to blink any longer the sobering fall in U.S. gold reserves, U.S. allies around the world had at last begun to move to the aid of the Western giant.

Most dramatic change of fiscal heart last week was in West Germany. On the eve of the Anderson-Dillon visit, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer abruptly cut his country's cackle about being short of spare cash: his Cabinet hastily announced "complete agreement" to launch West Germany's first real foreign-aid program in 1961. Under the projected billion-dollar program, Germany will at last make available to the capital-hungry underdeveloped nations a significant hunk of the record \$7.4 billion gold and hard-currency reserves accumulated during the spectacular German economic comeback.

The new German aid fund will tap private industry for a loan of \$400 million, siphon off state-government surpluses (\$125 million), and drain unused Marshall Plan counterpart funds and the federal government's own customary budget surplus. Still another source: sale to the public of \$125 million in shares in the Government-owned Volkswagen works, whose sales abroad have made a mighty contribution to West Germany's foreign-

exchange board. The new aid, announced Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, would be offered to underdeveloped countries at low interest and over a long term; unlike past German pinch-penny credits, it will not be "tied," i.e., need not be spent exclusively for German exports.

Grim Gratitude. Washington, which has poured out \$73 billion in aid since 1945, including more than \$3 billion to Germany, was grimly grateful for Bonn's patched-together foreign-aid package. But for all its potential value in helping meet the insatiable needs of the new Afro-Asian nations—which the U.S. cannot hope to meet alone—the German program would not reduce this year's U.S. international-payments deficit in the slightest; it was, a U.S. spokesman laconically noted, "a beginning."

Of more immediate interest to Treasury Secretary Anderson's practical intelligence was the \$700 million that the U.S. spends annually on the 250,000 U.S. troops that, together with the British army of the Rhine, still constitute the backbone of West Germany's defense. Here was a point at which the Germans could help directly to stem the rising flow of U.S. gold and dollars to Europe. All along, Adenauer's government has stubbornly resisted making any direct contribution to the support of U.S. forces in Germany, on the ground that this would smack too much of the old Occupation days. But as his show-down talk with Anderson approached, the Chancellor was reportedly resigned to kicking in at least \$125 million annually through some dodge labeling the money as a NATO contribution.

Getting Heavier. Behind the Anderson-Dillon mission was no mere Shylocking or even any desire to lighten the burden of international assistance, which the sweating U.S. taxpayer has borne almost alone since World War II and which is

the fundamental cause of the U.S.'s international-payments difficulties. What was at stake was the dollar's ability to go on serving as the free world's basic currency—a state of affairs on which, as the allies well knew, the health of their own booming economies depended. To help support the dollar and halt the flight of "hot" U.S. capital to Europe, Britain, France and West Germany have all lowered the bank (and hence interest) rates in recent weeks. Under U.S. prodding, Western Europe as a whole has relaxed its barriers to U.S. exports enough to ensure that the surplus of U.S. exports over imports this year will be three times that of 1959. And across the Pacific even Japan, a nation that lives on trade but illogically maintains high tariff walls, has been gingerly softening its restrictions on U.S. imports.

Russia, too, knew what was at stake in the dollar's difficulties. In Moscow last week, the Soviet government announced that it was increasing the gold valuation of its ruble (from .222168 to .987412 grams). As originally proclaimed by Premier Khrushchev last May, the Soviet currency reform was to be carried out strictly for reasons of internal simplification (ten old rubles to be exchanged for one of the new "heavy" ones). Last week's bit of jiggery-pokery about changing the ruble's gold value was supposed to impress people in the underdeveloped countries as evidence that it is now worth 11% more than the U.S. dollar (gold valuation: .388 grams). But since the Soviet government does not permit the ruble, light or heavy, to be traded internationally at all, no one was much impressed.

In the midst of all the fretting over the dollar, one respected voice last week offered a detached international view. In Washington, Sweden's Per Jacobsson, perceptive chief of the International Monetary Fund, pointed out that Europe's pop-

WORKERS' CARS OUTSIDE VOLKSWAGEN PLANT AT WOLFSBURG, GERMANY

James Whitmore—Life



ulation is growing only half as fast as the U.S. rate of 1.4% annually, and that as a consequence, "it is fair to expect that over the years to come, Europe will have more capital available than the U.S." As the present building boom in Germany and its neighbors runs its course, says Jacobsson, "the flow of funds will reverse. Capital will flow from Europe to other continents." Calling up a prospect of the Old World helping to redress the monetary imbalance of the New, he predicts that Europe will even export capital to the U.S.

GREAT BRITAIN

Forward, Bang!

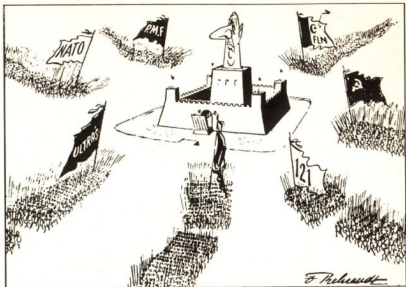
Ever since the fateful year 1939 Britain's National Service has implacably drafted young Britons into Her Majesty's forces. Last week, committed to trimming its army down to a thin 165,000 professional soldiers, Britain became the first NATO nation to abandon conscription since the establishment of the alliance.* To reassure its friends, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's government cheerily explained that it was merely replacing the tramp, tramp, tramp of conventional forces (which NATO sorely lacks) with the more economical nuclear bang (which NATO Commander Lauris Norstad already has at his disposal).

FRANCE

The Three-Stage Rocket

With the cold judgment of the professional soldier, Charles de Gaulle faced up to the fact that he was surrounded. For weeks past, the Soviet Union had been pointedly stepping up its propaganda support to the Algerian rebels, while Peking trumpeted promises of military aid to them. The U.N. debate on Algeria, scheduled for early next month, was sure to create strains with the French Community nations in Africa. And with the advent of Jack Kennedy, who three years ago publicly spoke up for Algerian independence, De Gaulle suspected that he could no longer count on Washington's tolerance. The only hope was to drive for some kind of end to the six-year-old bloodletting in Algeria before this sea of troubles could sweep down upon France. Abruptly, the steel-nerved general last week informed his Cabinet that he would submit his Algerian policy to a nationwide referendum in the first weeks of 1961.

As usual, just what De Gaulle's Algerian policy was remained somewhat uncertain. In a front-page editorial, Paris' normally pro-Gaullist *Le Figaro* grumbled that "it is not excessive for a democratic nation, in circumstances as grave as these, to ask to be informed—and clearly." Yet even such senior Cabinet officers as Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville were still unsure of De Gaulle's ultimate aim: whether he still hopes to keep



Rehner—Algemeen Handelsblad, Amsterdam

TARGET FOR ALL

Algeria federated with France or is reconciled to its total independence.

Terrified Thanks. Whatever his end, De Gaulle had chosen as his means a kind of three-stage rocket designed to surmount the towering divisions and dissensions of present-day France. Stage 1 of De Gaulle's plan, which will precede the referendum, consists of a series of administrative reforms in Algeria. A High Commissioner for Algeria (probably tough-minded Education Minister Louis Joxe) will take office in Paris, but his Deputy Commissioner in Algiers itself will be a Moslem. (Reportedly, two prominent Moslems have already been sounded out about the job and have declined with terrified thanks.) The political map of Algeria is to be redrawn, converting the present departments into new, decentralized administrative areas that will make easy the partitioning of the land between Europeans and Moslems, should that become necessary. The explosive highlight of Stage 1 is slated to be a De Gaulle visit to Algeria next month "to acquaint and explain himself." His closest advisers are arguing against the trip for fear of an assassination attempt.

Stage 2 of the plan presupposes a smashing victory in the referendum next year; De Gaulle himself is said to feel that anything less than a 65% majority would be a defeat. With the nation behind him, De Gaulle can then confront the disgruntled army and the rebellious European settlers of Algeria with a "provisional"—and primarily Moslem—Algerian executive, legislature and judiciary. Stage 3, for which no precise plan exists, would find the new "Algerian Algeria" deciding whether to retain ties with France or go its separate way.

Truncated Puppet. Frenchmen peered hopefully through the glorious opacity of De Gaulle's prose to see whether his rocket promised to go into orbit—or to fizzle. So far, the signs were not encouraging.

In Tunis a rebel spokesman said flatly: "We will have nothing to do with a truncated puppet state. We have made this point of view abundantly clear." In Algiers, Europeans crowding bars and cafés spoke freely of mass insurrection should De Gaulle seriously try to set up a Moslem Deputy Commissioner. Rumors spread that the police, in the event of an uprising, would throw a cordon around the city and starve it into submission. Sneered an ultra leader: "De Gaulle wants to turn Algiers into a second Budapest."

Biggest unknown quantity was the army—which has spent an estimated 16,000 lives trying to stamp out the F.L.N. guerrillas. Defense Minister Pierre Messmer and General Paul Ely, in Algiers on a "fact-finding" mission, discovered one self-evident fact: the Army's "consternation" at the possibility of an Algerian republic or a unilateral cease-fire by France. At the burial ceremony last week of ten Foreign Legion paratroopers killed in battle with the F.L.N., tough Colonel Jean Dufour, with tears in his eyes, said: "It is not possible their sacrifice has been in vain. It is not possible that our cries of anguish should be ignored by our compatriots in France!"

Slapped Face. In yet another gloomy portent for the future, De Gaulle—who this week celebrates his 70th birthday—was finding the Fifth Republic's hand-tailored governmental apparatus increasingly balky and unreliable. In the National Assembly, despite their awareness that they would surely be outvoted, opposition Deputies introduced a motion of censure protesting De Gaulle's cherished bill to create a French nuclear force. Even the trial of the men who led last January's right-wing insurrection in Algeria backfired when the nine-man military tribunal granted "provisional liberty" to ex-Paratrooper Pierre Lagaille, the flamboyant Deputy who dominated the Algiers barricades. "It's a slap in De Gaulle's face,"

* Canada has never had peacetime conscription, and tiny Iceland does not bother to maintain an army at all.



COLONEL MOBUTU (AT LEFT OF STAIRS) REVIEWING CONGOLESE ARMY

Terence Spencer

A quick snatch for poison arrows.

crowded one ultra. "Even the judges he chose saw the light." And in the top echelons of the government, doubts as to the wisdom or workability of the new Algerian program were so strong that half a dozen Cabinet members, including Finance Minister Wilfrid Baumgartner and Interior Minister Pierre Chatenet, were rumored to be on their way out.

Given Charles de Gaulle's hazardous past, and his uncanny ability to emerge seemingly unscathed from crisis after crisis, no one could rule out the possibility that his three-stage rocket might yet reach its destination, i.e., peace in Algeria and cohesion in France. But if it succeeded, it would be the luckiest gamble of a career founded on audacious gambles.

MOROCCO

Promised Tentacle

Each year when the time comes for Morocco's three-day independence blow-out, a kindly foreign friend is called upon to pick up most of the tab. In 1959 the U.S. donated a fleet of trucks and armored vehicles to roll in the parade down the palm-lined streets of King Mohammed V's old capital of Marrakech. This year the U.S. dutifully came through with another \$3,500,000 worth of motorized equipment and weapons—part of a five-year, \$20 million military-aid program.

All this, however, failed to satisfy Moroccan Crown Prince Moulay Hassan, who, as boss of his nation's armed forces, decided that the 1960 parade would not be complete without some jets flying in close formation overhead. To fulfill his dream, the prince got a promise from Morocco's former French masters of twelve Mistral jet fighters to form the nucleus of a new Royal Moroccan Air Force. Last week, on the eve of the "three glorious days," the French welshed, irritated with Morocco's increasingly active support of the Algerian rebels.

Presumably, Moulay Hassan could have called on the U.S. for planes. But the Moroccan government was already in hot

water with the country's left-wingers, who were howling that King Mohammed had let American military advisers infiltrate the Moroccan armed services. Accordingly, the prince called in Moscow's balloon-faced Dmitry Pozhidaev, who for weeks had been heavily hinting that Russia wants to aid Morocco "in all spheres." And on the day of the great parade, Moulay Hassan was able to unveil the next best thing to a new air force: a Russian promise to supply Morocco with an undisclosed number of MIGs and Ilyushins within a few months.

Strategically, Russia's new penetration of Morocco (an estimated 150 Soviet technicians will come along to service the planes) did not materially alter the world balance of power. The U.S. has long since agreed to surrender its three B-47 bases in Morocco, in a phased-out withdrawal scheduled for completion in 1963. Meanwhile, B-52s operating from newer bases in Spain supply the same, or greater, deterrent power. But by extending even a small tentacle into Morocco, based only on a promise, Russia once again enhanced its diplomatic strength in North Africa—an area where only a year ago Western influence was unchallenged.

CONGO

President's Week

For two weeks the Congo's pro-Western President Joseph Kasavubu had been cooling his heels in a Manhattan hotel room, waiting for the U.N. General Assembly to decide whether to give him the Congo's seat over the violent objections of his prime foe—erratic, mischief-making Patrice Lumumba. When the matter finally came up before the Assembly last week, Ghana led the fight for Lumumba, proposed a motion to adjourn the debate without even considering Kasavubu's case.

Harried Joseph Kasavubu had behind him not only the Western bloc but a new factor in U.N. politics—tribal ties. Cossack-clad Abbé Fulbert Youlou, the President of the former French Congo

and, like Kasavubu, an Abako tribesman, rallied nine French Community states, helped beat back the adjournment motion 51 to 36. Result: after a bit more debate, Kasavubu seemed likely to get the coveted seat.

Get Out. Back in the Congo the vote strengthened the hand of Kasavubu's key ally, Congolese Army Commander Colonel Joseph Mobutu. Six weeks ago Kasavubu had declared Ghana's Chargé d'Affaires Nathaniel Welbeck *persona non grata* on the ground that he was running around Léopoldville whipping up support for Lumumba, who since his dismissal has rarely dared to venture out of the official mansion where he is still holed up. Instead of leaving, Welbeck kept right on operating from the Ghanaian embassy, where he was guarded by Ghana's U.N. contingent. Last week, after his men caught a secretary at the Ghanaian embassy trying to get to Lumumba with \$600 and plans to set up a new state in the southern Congo, Mobutu himself ordered the eviction of all Ghanaian diplomats from the Congo. The colonel had not been so exercised since he kicked out all Communist-bloc emissaries back in September.

At this point the new winds from New York began to blow. Under heavy Afro-Asian pressure, the U.N. had been tacitly supporting Lumumba's contention that he is still Premier of the Congo despite his dismissal three months ago by Kasavubu—and had been treating Kasavubu's commands with a gentlemanly disdain. Now, apparently with an eye on the Assembly vote, the U.N. command shifted its stance slightly, ruled that if served with a formal expulsion order, Welbeck would have to get out, since the U.N. "does not intend to interfere in the relations between the government and diplomats."

Temporary Discomf. Mobutu's hand was being strengthened, too, by the return of hundreds of Belgians, who were coming into Léopoldville last week by the plane full, reopening their musty shops and returning to the advisory jobs with the

Congolese government which they had been scheduled to occupy under the original independence agreement. Drilling the Congolese army day after day, a handful of returned Belgian army officers last week turned it out 3,000 strong for a snappy if belated Armistice Day parade. As he brought the troops into the line of march on Boulevard Albert I, a Belgian captain turned to Mobutu, whose highest rank under Belgian rule was sergeant, and announced with a smart salute: "All is ready, *mon colonel*." The army band broke into a new national anthem that nobody had ever heard before, and the 75,000 spectators liked the show well enough to refrain from breaking out with the bicycle chains they had brought along in case of dissension. For the U.N. officers in the reviewing stand, it was hard to escape the conclusion that Mobutu came closer than any of the Congo's myriad "leaders" to exercising effective power.

The return of the Belgians is openly encouraged by both Kasavubu and Mobutu, whose recruiters in Brussels are busy lining up as many as possible of the 10,000 Belgian technicians who planned to stay in the Congo before last summer's army mutiny. In New York, top U.N. officials have coldly charged that all this represents a Belgian attempt to regain power in the Congo—an accusation to which Belgian Foreign Minister Pierre Wigny hotly replied last week with the implicit threat of a Belgian walkout from the U.N. But many a rank-and-file U.N. worker in the Congo is glad enough to see the Belgians return. "Why shouldn't they come back?" asked one U.N. civil affairs officer. "They've forgotten more about this place than we'll ever learn."

At week's end, as relative peace temporarily settled on Léopoldville, news from the boondocks indicated that the U.N. could use all the help it could get. In the bush country of Katanga province, where they ambushed and killed nine Irish U.N. soldiers a fortnight ago, savage Baluba tribesmen last week hacked 113 of their native enemies to death, carving some of the bodies up for cannibal feasts. To its edgy troops the U.N. passed out the not very reassuring instructions that "if [poison] arrows are removed within two seconds, they cause only temporary discomfort."

INDIA

Looking Backward

U.S. tourists nostalgic for the gamy days of the 1920s can find echoes of the Prohibition Era in present-day India. As the members of India's Central Prohibition Committee met last week in New Delhi, the capital around them went its merry alcoholic way. In private apartments converted into speakeasies, tired Delhi businessmen sipped beer at 10 rupees (\$2) a bottle. In Connaught Circus, the heart of town, young spivs sold paper bags containing liquor, soda and ice. A man walking along with a bicycle tire over his shoulder might be on his way to fix a flat, but it was just as likely he was en

route to a customer thirsty enough not to mind the rubbery taste of an inner tube.

Shades of Dutch & Legs. Three of India's 15 states have close to total prohibition; nine others ban liquor in some areas. In all of them, bootleggers have come up with ploys undreamed of by Dutch Schultz or Legs Diamond. When eleven pregnant women filed onto one Bombay streetcar, an Indian cop with limited tolerance for coincidence arrested them all, found they were pregnant with football bladders filled with booze. Some bootleggers use lepers as delivery boys, confident that the police will shy away from searching them. Others cache their product in containers tied to the underside of manhole covers. Law enforcement



Marilyn Silverstone—Palmer

BOOTLEGGERS CACHING MOONSHINE
A long pull at the inner tube.

is nightmarish in a land filled with palm trees that need only to be tapped to give the hard liquor ingredients of palm toddy.

In Bombay, the biggest of India's dry cities, a dead animal in someone's front yard is a tipoff that a still is in operation: the odor of the decaying animal helps kill the smell of hops. Illegal brewing is said to be India's "busiest cottage industry," and every new tin roof is taken as evidence that its owner has supplemented his income by engaging in the liquor trade. India's gangsters, called *goondas*, glory in such names as The Black Panther, rub out their rivals not with Tommy guns but with iron rods, bicycle chains, broken bottles and knives. With bootleg profits running as high as 800%, *goondas* can afford impressive bribes to cops who earn only \$16 a month. Seven Bombay policemen were recently charged with forcing a retired bootlegger back into business so they would not lose his payoffs.

As in the U.S., prohibition in India got its start through misdirected idealism. Mohandas Gandhi, the revered father of Indian independence, maintained that "there is no halfway house between drunkenness and prohibition," and under the Gandhian influence prohibition was specified as a national goal in India's constitution. Today, Finance Minister Morarji Desai, widely regarded as Nehru's most probable successor, is also the nation's most convinced prohibitionist.

Righteousness Run Riot. Among sophisticated Indians there is a growing sentiment for repeal, especially in regions like Bombay, which not only lose revenue through prohibition but must pay the heavy cost of enforcement. New Delhi's *Hindustan Times* claims that "crime has been on the increase ever since prohibition was introduced" and that gangs "terrorize whole localities and have made stabbing and shooting an everyday affair in the city." But though many of them privately agree with the *Hindustan Times*, few members of India's ruling Congress Party dare to say so openly for fear of exposing themselves to the charge that they are repudiating Gandhi and the constitution.

Nowhere were the deadly results of this political timorousness more visible than at last week's meeting of the Central Prohibition Committee. Almost to a man, committee members agreed that bootlegging is on the increase and "at least in urban areas" prohibition has failed. None of this, however, deterred Minister of State (and noted dry) Balwant Datar, who insisted any suggestion of relaxation or repeal was a "counsel of despair." Instead, Datar called for sterner laws and more rigorous enforcement, and in a final example of righteousness run riot, urged that in all trials involving prohibition violations "the burden of proof be shifted from the state to the accused."

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Double Trouble

In Southeast Asia last week, two states that the U.S. had carefully nurtured as buffers against Communist expansionism were showing alarming and increasing fragility:

South Viet Nam. Since 1954 the recipient of more than \$1 billion in U.S. aid, was digging itself out after a surprise revolt against autocratic President Ngo Dinh Diem by three crack paratrooper battalions (*TIME*, Nov. 21). As firmly anti-Communist as Diem himself (most of them are refugees from Red-held North Viet Nam), the paratroopers mutinied to force a change in Diem's dictatorial ways, which they charged were costing him popular support in the fight against mounting Communist infiltration of South Viet Nam. But with the revolt safely crushed, Diem last week turned more dictatorial than ever. He reneged on mid-revolt promises of reform, declared himself in favor of "personalism" (*i.e.*, rule by Diem alone). Pro-Diem vigilantes sacked five newspapers that had dared print news of the rebellion, helped secret police round

up 75 intellectuals and politicians on flimsy charges of complicity in the uprising. The battle in Saigon had killed 400 of the country's finest fighting men, and Communist guerrillas took advantage of South Viet Nam's lowered guard to tighten their hold on the country's southern delta, plus large tracts along the Cambodian and Laotian borders. In whispers, Diem's disgruntled subjects predicted that another revolt was only a matter of time.

Laos, where Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma has lately been trying to play the neutralist game, slipped ever closer to the precipice edge. To the south, an anti-Communist army faction led by General Phoumi Nosavan has been in obdurate though mostly nonviolent revolt against Prince Souvanna since last September. On a good will tour a fortnight ago, genial Prince Souvanna awakened one morning

ing out of town. Late last week Prince Souvanna flew deep into Pathet Lao country to meet his brother, there agreed to establish "good neighbor" relations with North Viet Nam and Communist China and to take Laotian Communist leaders into a coalition Cabinet. Even granting the Laotian agility at compromise, it was hard to see how a shattering civil war between pro- and anti-Communists in Laos could be avoided much longer.

JAPAN

They Like Jack

For Tokyo's bemused U.S. residents it was hard to believe that they were living in the same city that only six months ago had turned out thousands of screaming demonstrators against "U.S. imperialism." As more than 56 million Japanese voters

most ideal man in the world." Reiko Dan, a leading Japanese movie actress, confided that she would abstain from voting because Japanese parties lacked "a handsome candidate like Mr. Kennedy."

No men to buck a trend, Japan's electioneering politicians have unanimously jumped on the Kennedy bandwagon. The week of Kennedy's victory, Japan's incumbent Premier Hayato Ikeda staged a TV debate, frankly modeled on the Nixon-Kennedy debates, with his two opponents, Socialist Saburo Eda and Democratic Socialist Suehiro Nishio. Convinced that it was the New Frontier that had won for Kennedy, Ikeda promised: "My Liberal-Democratic Party will have precisely such a New Frontier program in Japan." In response, Socialist Eda insisted that it was he, not Ikeda, who was just like Kennedy—"flexible and progressive." In all the excitement, Eda seemingly had forgotten his party's role in the "Ike, stay home" riots as well as the fact, tartly pointed out by Tokyo's *Sankei Shinbun*, that, unlike many of his Japanese admirers, "Mr. Kennedy is neither a socialist nor a Communist, neither pro-Russian nor neutralist."

SOUTH KOREA

The Old College Try

Since last April when they toppled former President Syngman Rhee in a series of bloody riots (*TIME*, April 25 *et seq.*), South Korea's students have shown less and less desire to return to their books, more and more have acted as if they alone are competent to run the country. Twice in six weeks gangs of students have stormed the National Assembly in an attempt to force passage of laws inflicting retroactive punishment on ex-officials of the Rhee government. When not careening through the streets of Seoul in commandeered Jeeps, giving orders by loudspeaker to the legislature, the students have held massive rallies urging unification with Communist North Korea in a single, neutral state.

Privately, gentle Premier John M. Chang, himself a longtime Rhee foe, deplored the students' troublemaking. But publicly he temporized, offered to consult with them regularly to get their ideas of what course South Korea should take. Scurly, Seoul's daily *Minkook Ilbo* editorialized that the government might as well appoint students as "permanent advisers."

Last week the students finally went too far. Angry because Seoul's Yonsei University had fired three professors and expelled leaders of a student strike, a thousand screaming collegians marched on the homes of the university's acting president and board chairman—both Americans—and reduced their possessions to kindling. At that, for the first time since the revolt against Rhee, Seoul's police were issued tear gas and guns with blank cartridges, and told to use them. Wading in, the cops hauled 200 ringleaders off to jail. Later, when younger students at Kangmoon High School, infected with the same fever of violence, locked their principal in his of-



Mainichi Shinbun

JAPAN'S PREMIER IKEDA DURING ELECTION TV DEBATE
Free beer for men of 43.

in the small northern village of Moung Sai, his head still dizzy from ceremonial quaffing of a strong rice spirit called *choum*, to learn that the royal capital, Luangprabang, had gone over to General Phoumi. Last week he learned that his army commander in chief, General Ouane Ratthikoun, had also joined the rebels (as have 20 of the 59 delegates to the National Assembly).

Prince Souvanna's first reaction was to accuse the U.S. Government of plotting against him. His next move amounted to public admission that with his support on the right vanishing, he had become a virtual prisoner of the Communist Pathet Lao guerrillas—who happen to be headed by his half brother, Prince Souphanouvong. Under pretext of negotiations with Souvanna, the Pathet Lao have ringed his jittery capital of Vientiane with 2,000 to 4,000 men, and not only civilians but Souvanna's soldiers as well must now get passes from the Pathet Lao to clear the Communist check points on all roads lead-

prepared to go to elect a new Diet this week, the most idolized politician in the country was a 43-year-old American—President-elect John F. Kennedy.

A bar on Tokyo's gaudy Ginza was early in recognizing the onrush of another of the overnight emotional flip-flops characteristic of Japan's volatile people. It celebrated Kennedy's election with free beer for all males who could prove they were the same age as the Senator. In Tokyo offices, "I'm 43, too" became the boast of junior executives on the rise. Suddenly in the limelight was onetime Imperial Navy Lieut. Commander Kohei Hanami, who broke into print rejoicing that when his destroyer sliced a U.S. PT boat in two in 1943, Lieut. (j.g.) Jack Kennedy had providentially survived.

Most gravely stricken of all were Japan's impressionable young ladies. A 22-year-old salesgirl at the giant Takashimaya department store in Tokyo gushed to an inquiring reporter: "He is rich, young, handsome and intelligent—the

fice until he signed a resignation statement. Police showed the same resolution, jailed 65 young ruffians.

Between mob politics and petty parliamentary factionalism—a dissident wing of Chang's own Democratic Party recently broke off to form a new party—South Korea was still a long way from re-establishing stable government. But along with Chang's new toughness, there was another hopeful straw in the wind. During the April riots against Rhee, thousands of cheering Seoul adults egged the students on. Last week, with rare exceptions, their elders watched the rampaging students in disapproving silence.

OKINAWA

Winner: the U.S.

As elections to the local legislature approached in the great Pacific bastion of Okinawa and 46 other islands of the Ryukyu chain, Washington officialdom had its fingers crossed. In the last elections in 1958, Red-lining anti-American candidates had shown alarming strength; five months ago when Dwight Eisenhower flew into Okinawa during his Asian tour, jeering agitators greeted him with placards reading I HATE IKE. Last week, when the ballots of 374,000 Ryukyuan voters were finally tallied, Washington began rubbing its eyes in stunned but joyous surprise.

As usual, the pro-Communist People's Party campaigned on a "Yankee Go Home" platform, demanding immediate, unconditional reunification with the "Japanese homeland." But this time the People's Party was deprived of a vital talking point by the U.S. military government's generously increased compensation to farmers whose fields had been gobbled up by Air Force runways and Army housing. Ranged against the People's Party was the moderate, pro-U.S. Liberal Democratic Party headed by scholarly Seisaku Ota, 56, current chief executive of the local government. The Liberal Democrats, too, plumped for reunification with Japan, but unlike their opponents, wanted it to come about gradually and without ruining the Ryukyus' prospering economy—which depends on the billion-dollar network of U.S. bases and the presence of some 60,000 dollar-spending servicemen, civilians and their families.

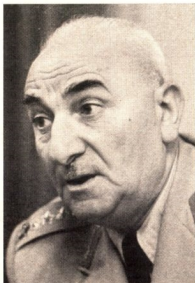
The result was a landslide for the Liberal Democrats who won a whopping 22 of the 29 seats in the legislature—a gain of seven. In the sweep, the People's Party was all but wiped out; it lost four of its five seats in the last legislature and suffered the additional humiliation of seeing the voters reject Mm. Kamejiri Senaga, wife of the party's spellbinding boss. (The other six legislature seats went to the mildly leftist Socialist Masses Party and a conservative independent.) With uncommon political maturity, most Okinawans had clearly accepted Liberal Democrat Ota's common-sense argument that in a time of cold war the U.S. could not realistically be expected to return to Japan the keystone of the American military position in the western Pacific.

TURKEY

Democratic Purge

Speeding through Ankara just after sunup one morning last week, police squads knocked on door after door. To the men who answered—all key armed forces officers and members of the National Unity Committee that has been running Turkey since the May 27 revolution—the police presented documents, with blunt instructions to sign them immediately. As they complied, the officers found themselves simultaneously resigning from the Unity Committee and retiring from the army. Thus neatly did Turkey's boss, laconic General Cemal Gursel, purge the 14 men who had been opposing his plans to restore democracy to Turkey.

The ousted officers ranged in rank from captain to colonel, in political views from



James Burke—LIFE

GENERAL GURSEL

A sunrise summons for 14.

fuzzy neutralist to near Fascist. As leaders of the revolution, they had an important voice within the Unity Committee, and had used it to support the notion that the army had a mission to continue running Turkey. On occasion, to Gursel's dismay, they carried the day within the committee for such highhanded measures as the summary firing last month of 147 university professors suspected of anti-army sentiments.

Lately, the clique had pushed not only for a three-year postponement of elections but for passage of a law setting up an army-run bureau to control the press, education, religion and culture. At that, Gursel decided to move. "Recent committee discussions have taken the form rather of open war than of constructive exchanges," he explained later. "In a democracy, it is necessary to have the self-restraint to abide by a majority decision." With his control of top army commands, Gursel managed to get rid of the 14 relatively junior officers without resistance—

though he prudently disconnected their home telephones before sending the police with the news. To keep them out of trouble, the 14 will be scattered abroad as "advisers" to Turkish embassies.

Gursel still plans to establish, before the end of the year, a constituent assembly to work with the Unity Committee in drafting a new Turkish constitution and writing all major legislation. His target date for general elections is Oct. 29, 1961—not as soon as he had talked of in the first afterglow of revolution, but a lot sooner than would be the case had the ousted 14 had their way.

WORLD COURT

Completing the Circle

Although 39 nations pay at least lip service to its authority, the World Court at The Hague has never been permitted to live up to its resounding name. Properly known as the International Court of Justice, it is the top U.N. judicial tribunal, but no major power (including the U.S.) is yet willing to bind itself unconditionally to accept the court's decisions.

Nonetheless, the functioning of the World Court—it passes on international disputes when the contending powers ask it to do so and delivers advisory opinions to U.N. bodies—serves as a reminder of the existence of international law and of the hope that it may one day rule the world. And when the court's 15 judges, resplendent in black robes and white jabots, assemble in their chamber in The Hague's Palace of Peace, they represent the world's legal conscience. Named last week by the U.N. General Assembly to join this select circle were six replacements for retiring judges. Most notable newcomers:

¶ The U.S.S.R.'s scholarly Vladimir Koretsky, who hews to the essentially collectivist notion that "man should have no rights that place him in opposition to the community."

¶ Kotaro Tanaka, conservative ex-Chief Justice of Japan and a convert to Roman Catholicism, whose deep respect for the law was outraged by the actions of Tokyo's snake-dancing anti-U.S. rioters earlier this year ("influenced by a foreign power").

¶ The U.S.'s Philip C. Jessup, currently an associate of the Rockefeller Foundation and a famed theorist on international law whose practical experience dates back to the days of the League of Nations, where he assisted crusty old Elihu Root in dealings with the League's Permanent Court of International Justice. Jessup's career suffered a setback during the McCarthy heyday when the Senate, on the strength of a 1951 Internal Security Subcommittee investigation, withheld confirmation of his appointment as a U.S. delegate to the U.N. (Senators objected to his connections with the Red-infiltrated Institute of Pacific Relations and his editing of a 1949 State Department white paper which flatly blamed Chiang Kai-shek for the fall of China.) In effect, if not by design, Washington's nomination of Jessup to his new (and tax-free) \$20,000-a-year post constituted a final clearance.

THE HEMISPHERE

CENTRAL AMERICA

The Shadow of Castro

Deep in the tangled bush on Costa Rica's side of the Nicaraguan border, Costa Rica's Civil Guard Commander Alfonso Monge, 45, walked up to a dilapidated shack, threw open the door, and fell dead in a hail of bullets—a casualty in an angry flare of violence that raged across Central America last week. Before the rattle of small arms and the whump of mortars died down, three governments—in Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Guatemala—had felt the hot breath of revolt, 29 men were dead, and the U.S. Navy was patrolling offshore to guard against further

is his growing capacity for warfare and his announced intention of stirring rebellion. Last week the U.S. State Department released statistics showing that in the past 21 months Castro has received 28,000 tons of Communist arms, including artillery and MIG jet fighters. The naval squadron that the U.S. dispatched to patrol Central America's coast was less a measure against what Castro had actually done than a precaution against what he would like to do.

Strangers on the Border. The actual fighting last week was local, and quickly controlled. The men who riddled Costa Rica's civil guard commander were Nicaraguans, longtime enemies of the Somoza

dents and their teachers as hostages for 66 hours before deciding to surrender.

In the aftermath the government announced there was no direct evidence linking Castro with the Jinotepe-Diriamba rebels. But the government charged that the would-be reinforcements in Costa Rica were "mercenaries, aided by the Communist government of Cuba."

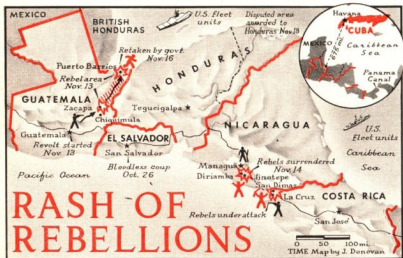
Barracks Break. The trouble in Guatemala was considerably more serious. Faced by a rebellion within his own armed forces, Guatemala's President Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes came closest to downfall. His plight grew out of long-simmering discontent among the younger officers, who claimed that Ydigoras' Defense Minister Rubén González Sigüi discriminated against them in favor of his own cronies. When two of the angry young men were placed under house arrest at the military-police barracks on the outskirts of Guatemala City, the dispute erupted with bloody fighting.

Recruiting followers inside the barracks, Major Rafael Sessam Pereira and Captain Arturo Chur del Cid staged an uprising in which the fort's second-in-command and the captain of the guard were killed. The rebels loaded arms into ten army trucks and two weapons carriers and headed east out of town on the main road to Zacapa, Puerto Barrios and the Caribbean. Army men in Zacapa and Puerto Barrios rallied to their support.

Ready for War. Air force units loyal to Ydigoras blasted the Zacapa fort, killing four rebels and wounding five. The rebels withdrew from the fort to nearby hills. There, after several hours of machine-gun and mortar fire, they buckled. Some 250 deserted, and the 150 who were left headed for the Honduran border. They made a brief stand at Gualán, then broke and ran—some to surrender, others into the wilderness. When word of the defeat reached Puerto Barrios, rebels there surrendered without a fight.

Journalists at the front could find no sign of Cuban connivance, but Ydigoras insisted that "we know the rebels are receiving aid, including planes, from Cuba. We are ready to defend ourselves, and to attack anyone who attacks us." He denounced the rebel army officers as being in league with Communist and left-wing elements, "who for some time have been conspiring to overthrow the legally constituted government."

Communist Conservatives. Back in Havana, Fidel Castro's house organ reacted to the week's events with predictable howls of "Yankee military intervention," charged that the U.S. naval patrol was the first step in a U.S. attack on Cuba and "a grave threat to world peace." Yet there were hints that Castro might have to moderate his tone before long. Soviet Russia is increasingly—and obviously—worried about its newest satellite. In Havana, Soviet Ambassador Sergei M. Ku-



trouble. Overall loomed the darkening shadow of Cuba's Fidel Castro.

One by one, as the fighting erupted in their nations, Presidents Mario Echandi of Costa Rica, Luis Somoza of Nicaragua and Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes of Guatemala stepped up to accuse Castro of everything from supplying rebel arms to outright intervention. Guatemala protested to the Organization of American States and talked of invoking the 1947 Rio Pact against aggression. Its President Ydigoras demanded a Korean-style police action against Cuba. Both Guatemala and Nicaragua sent pleas to Washington requesting a U.S. Navy patrol in the Caribbean to thwart any Cuban invasion. The U.S. swiftly dispatched the necessary task force.

How deeply was Castro involved? In this case, probably not so deeply as the worried Central Americans claim. As the palace coup in El Salvador a fortnight ago demonstrated, there is already grave unrest in that poverty-stricken subcontinent, and there is no doubt that Castro agents are fanning it for all they are worth. Yet no new Czech weapons have turned up, and the best intelligence indicates that Castro has mounted no major effort—as yet. What does worry the U.S.

regime, who were hiding on the border waiting for a chance to invade their homeland and overthrow the government. Acting on a tip, the Costa Rican civil guard went out to investigate the strangers, was ambushed, and the skirmish touched off a chain reaction. Enraged by the news of Monge's death, the government of Costa Rican President Echandi shot off a statement that the rebels included several Cubans, and were led by a mystery man called "El Cubano." Then Echandi himself went to the border area to oversee the military action that scattered the would-be invaders. Captured: six, but no Cubans.

Inside Nicaragua, in an uprising apparently timed to coincide with the invasion from Costa Rica, rebels led by 14 old Somoza enemies—all members of the opposition Conservative Party—seized the town of Jinotepe and Diriamba, 25 miles south of Managua. West Point-trained General Somoza dispatched 300 tightly disciplined guardsmen to retake the towns behind a spearhead of tanks. At Jinotepe the rank and file rebels vanished into the underbrush. But at Diriamba their 14 leaders marched into the Christian Brothers boys' boarding school, held 250 stu-



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dryavstev passed the word that Moscow is not entirely pleased with Castro's systematic alienation of Latin America, and has urged him to ease off. Khrushchev has also made clear that his hopes for friendly relations with U.S. President-elect John Kennedy are more important to him than Castro's feelings, and has warned Castro to confine his anti-U.S. attacks to the "Government" of President Eisenhower. When Raúl Castro was in Moscow last summer, Khrushchev himself remarked: "You know there are only two parties in Cuba, the radicals and the conservatives. The conservatives are the Communists—you are the radicals."

CUBA

The Awakening Church

"Rome or Moscow?" challenged Archbishop Pérez Serantes' pastoral letter. "The cards are on the table. No one need be deceived. The battle is not between Washington and Moscow; it is really between Rome and Moscow." As the archbishop read his letter in Santiago Cathedral last week, 60 militiamen invaded the church, starting a day-long campaign of harassment that led to fist fights between Catholics and Castroites.

The pastoral letter was the third time old (76) Pérez Serantes had spoken out to lead the Cuban church against Castro, as once he led it for Castro. Seven years ago, after the unsuccessful July 26 assault on Moncada Barracks, the courageous churchman had gone into the hills to plead with Batista's executioners to spare the life of a young rebel named Fidel Castro. But as Castro turned from liberator to dictator, Pérez Serantes was quick to acknowledge his original error. With him against Castro were Monsignor Eduardo Boza Masvidal, rector of Villanueva University, and 100 Jesuit priests. Supporting Castro were a score of liberal-minded Franciscan fathers, mostly Basque refugees from Franco's Spain.

The church itself hesitated. The hierarchy was reluctant to jeopardize state-granted privileges. Then last summer a so-called Catholic organization called "For the Cross and Fatherland" suddenly materialized. Small in numbers, it looked nevertheless like Castro's bid to set up in Cuba the sort of National Catholic Church that Communists have tried to arrange behind the Iron Curtain.

Quietly the church began to move. Ardently pro-Castro Franciscan Father Ignacio Biais, editor of the important Catholic fortnightly *La Quincena*, was sent on a more or less permanent vacation. A secret order went out to nuns, designed to expedite their sudden flight if necessary.

Last week Monsignor Boza Masvidal, as head of Villanueva University, expelled 17 pro-Castro students for signing a letter claiming that Boza was preparing a plot to close the university, then blame the government. Government agents surrounded Villanueva, searched everyone entering or leaving, including the bishop himself. But this time the church showed no signs of yielding.



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PEOPLE

The masterminds of baseball's American League put their masterminds together in Manhattan's Savoy Hilton Hotel, decided to award their Washington, D.C. franchise to none other than retired Air Force General **Elwood Richard** ("Pete") **Quesada**, 56, now Federal Aviation Administrator. Longtime Baseball Fan Quesada must quit his Government job to organize the club, which will fill the vacancy left when the unwinning Senators team moved to Minneapolis-St. Paul last month. Estimated cost of the franchise: \$3,500,000. Says Quesada: "I don't have that, but I've got backers who do."

Sir Winston Churchill, 85, half-American but the most English of Englishmen, again seemed indestructible. He took a spill in the bedroom of his London home, broke a small bone in his back. Doctors consigned him to bed for a few weeks, said that the injury was not serious. Another bulletin was issued by his daughter, Mary Soames, who reported: "Sir Winston is bored." But the medics were clearly worried by his slow mending and "disturbed" nights.

Spain's aging (34) Matador **Luis Miguel Dominguín** was both glad and mad in Madrid. His hair cropped down to a fine nap (to win a bet from friends). Dominguín was all smiles upon being presented with a third child, second daughter, Paola, by his wife, sometime Italian Actress Lucia Bose. But his face dropped when local newstands suddenly blossomed with a Spanish edition of *LIFE* that contained the first installment of *The Dangerous Summer*, the account by grizzled *Aficionado* **Ernest Hemingway** of Dominguín's perilous rivalry with his brother-in-law, Matador Antonio Ordóñez,



MATADOR DOMINGUÍN & DAUGHTER
He dropped the smile.



THE WHITNEYS AT CHURCHILL DOWNS
So close they could smell it.

Associated Press

on the Spanish bullfighting circuit during the summer of 1959. Forewarned that Hemingway was setting him up for a critical clobbering by comparison with Ordóñez, Dominguín had already made his reply. Said he in Spain's weekly *Gaceta Ilustrada*: "Hemingway considers himself an expert. Perhaps so, but not as much as he thinks. He is undoubtedly a great writer, but it's not enough to be a great writer to understand something like this. Perhaps it wouldn't even be enough if he were Spanish. It is also necessary to have been a bullfighter."

As an Army technical sergeant in World War II, **David Greenglass** committed parts of the A-bomb to memory, passed on his data to his sister, Ethel Rosenberg, and her husband Julius for transmission to the Soviet Union. As an accomplice to the espionage, Greenglass turned state's evidence against the Rosenbergs, drew a 15-year stretch in 1951. Two years later, the Rosenbergs were electrocuted at Sing Sing. After more than nine years in a federal pen, Greenglass, 38, was turned loose in Manhattan last week, went off to join his wife Ruth and their two children. On emerging from a federal house of detention and entering a cab, surviving Traitor Greenglass was greeted by hecklers. Shouted one to Greenglass's cabbie: "Drive him off the pier, right into the river, the Red rat!" Instead, whatever he was or is, David Greenglass was driven off into obscurity, probably to pick up his interrupted civilian life elsewhere under a new name.

Seldom has a millionaire registered such deeply visible disappointment at not achieving another million as Sportsman **Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney** did during a race at Louisville's Churchill Downs last week. Only one stable in U.S. turf annals has racked up such mountainous

winnings in one year of racing (Calumet Farm has turned the trick six times). In Louisville, Whitney and fourth wife Mary had had high hopes of cracking the million mark with their grey filly, Bright Silver. Whitney was short of his goal by only \$3,399, and the winner's purse in the race was \$3,900. But Bright Silver, the favorite, uncooperatively came in sixth. As the week wore on, two of Whitney's horses placed, picked up an additional \$1,060. The final day of Churchill Downs' fall meet came at week's end. Owner Whitney, with three horses in the running, copped a total of \$18,325 on two of them, joyously left the track as the winner of \$1,016,186 for the year.

For a long time, Norway's nautical **Princess Astrid**, 28, has been known to her countrymen as "the sad one." Her sadness began in 1951, when her father, King Olaf V, himself a topnotch sailor, searched for a good hand to sail in Sunday regattas with his daughter. On deck soon came a prosperous Oslo clothier, Johan Martin Ferner, one of Scandinavia's most eligible bachelors but, alas, a commoner. The pair became discreetly inseparable. In 1953 Astrid's older sister, Princess Ragnhild, married a shipowner and sailed off to Rio de Janeiro. Convinced that one commoner in the royal family was enough, Olaf set his foot down, insisted that Astrid marry some true blueblood. In fast succession, Astrid turned her nose up at a series of princelings who could not distinguish between the stern and the spinaker. Meanwhile, frustrated Suitor Ferner drifted into a marriage with an Oslo model, but by 1956 he was divorced and once again afloat with Astrid. They won many a regatta together, but not until last week did they win their most cherished prize, each other, with reluctant Olaf's gritted-teeth approval. They will be married in January.



Photographed by Jerome Zerbe

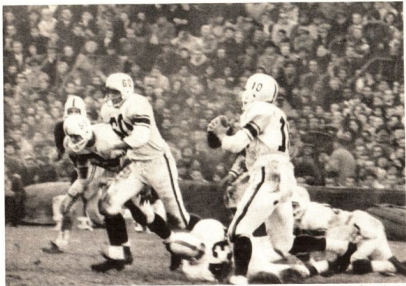
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Brawny, Bright & Blue

On Yale's very first play from scrimmage, Quarterback Tom Singleton faked to Fullback Bob Blanchard plunging up to the middle. Then, as Harvard converged to stop Blanchard, Singleton coolly handed off to Halfback Kenny Wolfe. The deception worked perfectly. With Left Tackle Mike Pyle blasting open the hole, Wolfe was away for a 41-yd. touchdown run that touched off an afternoon of glory for his team. Getting stronger as the game went on, brawny Yale overwhelmed Archrival Harvard, 39-6.

Yale's victory produced its first undefeated, untied season since 1923, won the Ivy League championship, and gained revenge for a band of seniors who had never before beaten Harvard. But Yale's victory in The Game did much more. To a skeptical TV audience along the East Coast, Yale proved it could play a brand of rugged, resourceful football despite the Ivy League's thorough de-emphasis of the sport. Few old Blues, even of deepest hue, would argue that Yale could have won regularly against such emphasized football powers as Iowa, Missouri and Mississippi. But this year Yale had the strength, depth and wit to give a battle, on a given Saturday, to any team in the land. After watching his Pennsylvania team lose to seventh-ranked Navy (27-0) and Yale (34-9), Coach John Stigman said flatly: "Yale's as strong as Navy in all departments."

Yale built its championship team under the standard Ivy League requirements, which would drive a Big Ten coach to despair: no athletic scholarships, plus entrance standards that are among the highest in the nation. Even so, rabid Yale alumni across the country were able to sell a flock of bright and burly boys on

the idea of going to New Haven. The Chicago area alone—long a source of raw material for football foundries—supplied six starters, including Quarterback Singleton (6 ft., 200 lbs.), Captain Pyle (6 ft. 3 in., 233 lbs.), and Center Hardy Will (5 ft. 11 in., 195 lbs.). All three were recruited from New Trier High School in Winnetka, Ill.

Five boys on the first string that defeated Harvard have academic scholarships. (Some 35% of the Yale undergraduate body has scholarship aid.) Top scholar on the team is End Jim Pappas, who has an average of 91 in pre-med.

Bright as they are, the Yale players were slow to reach their potential, mainly because Ivy League law prevented Coach Jordan Olivari from holding spring practice. This year, with its fundamentals finally down pat, Yale blended power and finesse on the attack. With Pro Prospects Pyle and Guard Benny Balme (6 ft. 1 in., 215 lbs.) blocking up front, Yale had the brute strength to open holes for the driving runs of Fullback Blanchard (6 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs.). When the defense bunched to stop Blanchard, Quarterback Singleton would run the option inside end—hitting like a fullback himself—or roll out to pass.

To stay loose for the Harvard game, Yale used a gag inspired by the hours of watching game movies being run forward and backward to show each man his job. During practice, someone would yell "Stop!" Immediately, the players would stop going forward and start running backward to their original spots—exactly like a reversed movie. As it turned out, that was the only time all year long that Yale moved backward.

® Protecting Singleton: Captain Pyle (59) and Guard Paul Bursiek (60).

Coach Johnny Reb

By bigtime football standards, the whole operation seems as pleasantly relaxed as a backyard barbecue. The players are almost all home-state boys. They perform in a modest stadium before informal crowds that are packed with friends and relatives. The games draw less national publicity than the price of cotton raised on nearby farms. But year in and year out, the University of Mississippi plays some of the finest football in the nation. The reason: Coach Johnny Vaught, 52, a bluff, leather-faced perfectionist who has so identified the success of his team with the prestige of the state that Mississippians long ago forgot his Texas origins and now regard him as a native son.

Since signing on at Ole Miss in 1947, Coach Vaught has compiled a won-lost record of 100-29, second only to the 123-19 of Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson among major college coaches. In 1959 Ole Miss was a strong second to Syracuse in the national rankings. Last week, on the strength of its 24-3 defeat of tough Tennessee, Vaught's undefeated, once-tied wing-T squad stood third in the standings for the finest two-year record of any college team.

Night Light. Inspired by Ole Miss, the whole state vibrates in a constant football flap. No high school would think of scheduling a game for the time that Vaught's team is playing; anyone who cannot get over to Oxford for the Ole Miss game listens to it over his radio. But every Friday night the state is set aglow from the Gulf to the Tennessee border by the lights of high school games. Towns too poor to have a Confederate memorial are too proud not to have a football field. Says Ole Miss Line Coach Frank ("Bruiser") Kinard: "Most every place manages



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to throw up a stick and put a light on it."

When he sets out to harvest the best of this bumper crop of high school stars, Coach Vaught is a shrewd and patient recruiter. He quietly notes that a degree from Ole Miss carries more weight than one from archrival Mississippi State. To hear him talk, Ole Miss football is a family affair. Eight of Vaught's assistants are graduates of the school, and most have been coaching there for a dozen years or more. Above all, Vaught extols state pride with the fervor of a militia colonel. "Boys we get from out of state can go home and never hear about Ole Miss football," he says. "But in Mississippi the game is talked about all year round. We like to get Mississippi boys, boys who love Ole Miss and want to win for her."

Vaught flatly refuses to give a scholarship to a married man ("They're too much trouble, and they're bad for discipline"). He has equally firm notions about regulating the lives of his players. None may have a car during the season. The entire football team is housed in Miller Hall, a segregation made easier by the fact that the lobby is plush enough for a Las Vegas motel.

Block & Tackle. Around the gracious, red brick campus, the football area is known tersely as "Vaught's Valley." Into the valley each afternoon strides Coach Vaught, his square shoulders bulging a red sweatshirt out of shape, to teach a brand of football that is as tough as he looks—and as tough as he himself once played. Back at Texas Christian they still remember one tackle made in 1932 by All-America Guard Vaught that left both the ball carrier and himself lying senseless on the field. "I'm a fundamentalist," Vaught says. "I believe in perfection of execution, in the blocking and tackling angles of the game." Signs spotted around his office spell out his football philosophy: "Put 'em on the ground!"

Under Mississippi law, the state-supported university cannot give Coach Vaught a contract for longer than four years. But Ole Miss does its best to show its deep appreciation to Vaught by giving him a new four-year contract every year, honoring him like the state institution he is. When Vaught makes his annual speech before the alumni in Jackson, says one official, "you'd think the President was coming." Colleges from other states have invited Coach Johnny Reb to become an adopted son, but to no avail. "Home is where the heart is, and that's Oxford," says Coach Johnny Vaught. "I never expect to leave."

"Fantastic!"

The big man scored with driving layups. He hit from the outside. His huge hand flashed out of melees under the hoop to tap in rebounds. Agile as an acrobat, he seemed to hang suspended in mid-air while he faked his man, then got off shots whirring with English that flicked wickedly off the backboard and into the basket. When the need arose, he simply used his football lineman's build (6 ft. 5 in., 235 lbs.) to overpower any



Associated Press
LAKERS' BAYLOR (IN DARK JERSEY)
A suspended acrobat.

player foolish enough to block his path.

In the first quarter alone, Elgin Baylor, 25, Negro star of the National Basketball Association's Los Angeles Lakers, scored 15 points against the hapless New York Knicks. At half time, he had 34. By the third quarter he was up to 47, and even the most jaded fan hidden back in the smoky blue haze of Madison Square Garden was screaming like a teen-ager. In the fourth quarter, with teammates feeding him passes until he was arm-weary from shooting, Baylor sank 24 more points to put a rousing finish on the most spectacular scoring spree in pro basketball history. Baylor's 71 points totally eclipsed the N.B.A. record of 64 that he himself had set a year ago. Knick Coach Carl Braun had only one word to describe Baylor: "Fantastic!"

Scoreboard

¶ In college football's top games of the week: Sophomore Halfback Bert Coan scored two second-half touchdowns to lead Kansas to a 23-7 upset of previously undefeated Missouri, the nation's top-ranked team. The surprise victory gave the Kansas Jayhawkers their first Big Eight championship since 1930. Determined Minnesota rammed across two touchdowns in the fourth period to sew up a 26-7 win over Wisconsin and tie Iowa for the Big Ten title.

¶ Bald, bitterly competitive Dick Groat, 30, shortstop and captain of the Pittsburgh Pirates, was voted the National League's most valuable player for leading the league in hitting (.325) and providing the spark that fired his team to its first pennant since 1927 and a World Series victory over the Yankees.

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New Plays on Broadway

Advise and Consent (adapted from Allen Drury's novel by Loring Mandel) makes good theater, not for dramatizing anything in political life that seems explosively immediate or real, but by often making vivid use of politics as people, of politics as warfare, of politics as dirt or pay dirt. In its stage adaptation, Allen Drury's bestselling tale of the senatorial fight over a President's nominee for Secretary of State abounds in sharp dilemmas over shadowy issues and in moral positions lacking defined points of view. In terms of political substance, *Advise and Consent* is vague when not vaporous; in terms of that great feedback of lively theater, political tactics, it is frequently brisk and even tense.

Being equipped with an all but complete set of political chessmen, *Advise and Consent* pushes rooks and pawns about with the greatest gusto, keeps crying 'Check!' with particular relish, and in the course of the evening makes almost every known move on the board. Now the opportunist wheedles, now the demagogue roars; now a responsible leader advises, now a deft misleader distorts. The nose puncher swaggers forward, the back stabber lies in wait; the party hack mumbles 'Yes, sir; the man above party shouts 'Never! In the play's high-stake memory test, wherein the nominee's years-ago Communist flirtation is set against his chief assailant's years-ago sexual misstep, the one man would kill anyone to win, the other man kills himself. The play's more personal scenes—they are fortunately few—are by all odds its weakest. And straight on from the telltale letter left loose in an open drawer, *Advise and Consent* far oftener obeys the laws of melodrama than it sheds light on the political depths. Possibly, if political issues

and aims are not to be truly probed—something not easily done behind footlights—it is just as well they stay general and simple. But in *Advise* they not only lack thematic point, they even throw a certain haze over the plot.

What really keeps things going on Rouben Ter-Arutunian's spare, strikingly limited stage are the classic public combats between honest legislators and honest, honest lagos; the immemorial private confabs between men with one card up their sleeve and men with two; a burly Ed Begley and a determined Richard Kiley resisting the Devil; Kevin McCarthy's rabble-rousing; and the fanged drawl and deadly swoops of Henry Jones's Southern Senator. *Advise and Consent* never once cuts below the surface, but it does often get behind the scenes.

Under the Yum-Yum Tree (by Lawrence Roman) is the sort of light sex comedy that a critic can't come down on too heavily. One wrinkle to its romance is that, though boy wants to marry, girl thinks they should first live together platonically. The other wrinkle is Hogan, the landlord across the hall, a bachelor with a knack for getting into people's hair and ladies' bedrooms. Out of this new-style *ménage à trois* come three acts of calculated on-the-brinkmanship and technically innocent shenanigans.

All this is as good or bad popular entertainment as an author can make it. Being as relentlessly suggestive as the author can make it, *Yum-Yum Tree* would jar even if it were good. But it is anything but good; so it becomes tediously repellent. There are a few funny lines, and in a less outraging milieu Hogan might prove an enliveningly outrageous character. In *Yum-Yum Tree* sex is not merely merchandise; it is shop-soiled, customer-pawed, well-below-street-level stuff.



KILEY, BEGLEY & JONES IN "ADVISE"
Men with one card up the sleeve v. men with two.

Friedman-Abels

Prudent
people prefer

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cigarette

Prudent product of United States Tobacco Company

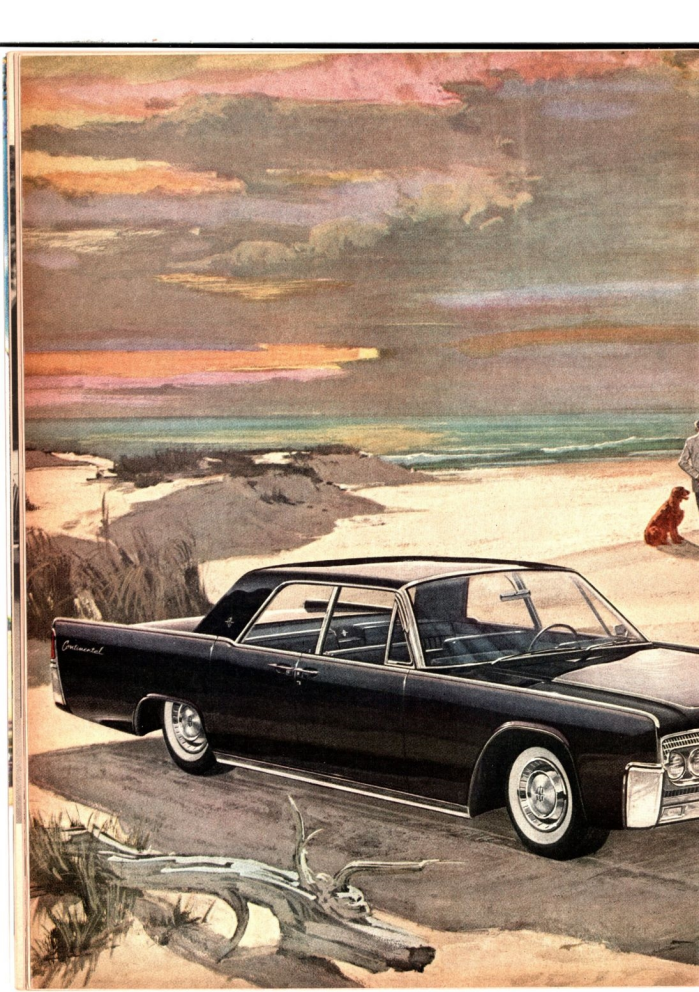
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STANDARD THE WORLD OVER

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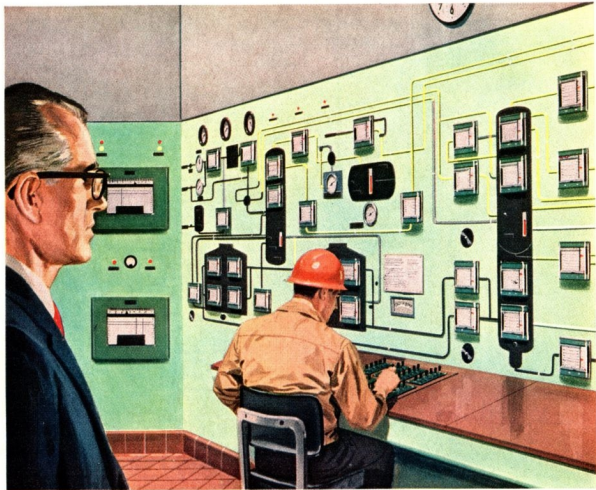
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First in Control

SINCE 1885

MUSIC

Beethoven on Tap

George Frederick Handel (1685-1759) is listed just north of the lamb chops. Beethoven is down by the shrimp. Hindemith to the left of the lobster. This unique wedding of calories to composers occurs on the menu of a restaurant in the Cleveland suburb of Shaker Heights, and it is dedicated to an intriguing proposition: if jazz can move into the concert hall, classical music can move into the bar.

The men behind the idea are Hal La Pine, a used-truck dealer, and Trucker Pat O'Neill, for the past seven months owners of La Pine's restaurant, on Chagrin Boulevard, where on Monday nights they offer musicales featuring string trios or quartets, solo pianists or violinists, most of them drawn from the ranks of the Cleveland Symphony. Promptly at 9:15 p.m. last week, the members of the Concert Guild String Quartet appeared at the restaurant in white tie and tails and launched into an hour-long program of Schubert's *Quartet in A Minor* and Mozart's *Quintet for Clarinet and Strings* (with an assisting clarinetist). The audience, swirling their drinks, listened avidly.

Until the musicales started, the restaurant was losing some \$4,000 a month. Now the place is prospering. La Pine-O'Neill have found that they can pack their restaurant not only by playing the music of the masters but also with modernist works of such composers as Irving Fine and Gunther Schuller. Next: Menotti's 30-minute opera *The Telephone*. The musicians find the whole thing relaxing, and countless bourbon drinkers have told O'Neill that they have never heard Beethoven in quite so clear a tone.

An equally happy meeting of food, drink and the classics occurs every Sunday afternoon in New Haven, Conn., at a nightclub known as the Playback, which attracts fans like Author Thornton Wilder, Diplomat Chester Bowles and Composer Quincy Porter to hear serious music spiked with first-rate jazz. Playback is the plaything of Willie Ruff and Dwikie Mitchell, the two jazzmen who touched off a modest international incident last year when they introduced cheering Russian audiences to the intricacies of the Cool. Equally at home in jazz and classical music (Ruff has a master's degree in music from Yale, Mitchell studied at the Philadelphia Music Academy), the two decided after their return from Russia to open a club where they could play Bruckner back-to-back with Bartok.

Instead of sinking their money in a leather-topped bar and zebra-striped divans, they hired a good sound engineer to build an acoustically perfect room. In a typical program, Ruff and Mitchell, assisted by Composer-Pianist Robert Helps and Drummer Charlie Smith, presented the U.S. premiere of Paul Hindemith's *Sonata for Alto Horn and Piano*, followed it with a Ruff-Mitchell composition

called *Fugue for a Jazz Trio*. The club features a regular string quartet from Yale, and will draw heavily on the talents of such Yale faculty members as Violinist Howard Boatwright, Pianist Seymour Fink. Like their Cleveland counterparts, Ruff and Mitchell feel that the relaxed atmosphere of a club makes for ideal listening. "In a club," says Willie Ruff, "you never get the guy who sits down stiffly and says, 'O.K., so thrill me.'"

Gold Medal in Dallas

"You are all singing divinely and acting perfectly," said Stage Manager Franco Zeffirelli during intermission. "You are an Olympic team." Zeffirelli's pep talk was directed to the six-member cast of



SUTHERLAND IN "ALCINA"
A new mistress.

Handel's *Alcina*, brilliantly presented last week by the Dallas Civic Opera. The occasion was remarkable not only because it again displayed the Dallas Opera to be one of the most enterprising in the country (despite its short, three-week season) or because the production of the all but forgotten Handel work showed a nice Texas feeling for musical antiques. Above all, the evening served to frame the long-awaited U.S. debut of Australian-born Soprano Joan Sutherland, one of opera's fastest-rising new stars.

The melodic and elaborately embellished Handel work proved to be one of those baroque affairs full of knights, courtiers and disguised lovers, all involved in magical complications. (The 1735 libretto was taken from the famed Renaissance epic, *Orlando Furioso*, by Italian Poet Lodovico Ariosto.) The imaginative Dallas production made all this easier to take by treating the piece as a play within a play—a musical evening in the home of a nobleman of Handel's period, with the

opera itself presented as an entertainment for the guests. The opulent, columned and chandeliered set had a revolving dais at stage center on which the masque's labyrinthine plot could easily glide from court to forest to grove.

In the role of Ruggiero, Mezzo Blanche Thebom flawlessly handled the difficult vocal and dramatic task of portraying a knight who, bewitched by a Circe-like enchantress, has forgotten his past but is gradually regaining his memory. British Mezzo Monica Sinclair, also making her U.S. debut, displayed a fierce, darkly colored voice, matched at every turn by the other principals—U.S. Soprano Joan Marie Moynagh, Italy's Luigi Alva and Nicola Zaccaria. The star of the evening, though, was Sutherland, and she amply lived up to the reputation that had preceded her (*TIME*, June 13). Her range was wide, secure and even, her tone warm and sparkling. Her trill, as one critic noted, "really is a trill and not a wobble." In one of the many moments that won her bravos, Sutherland swept up to a high E flat with astonishing ease.

In stage presence and dramatic insight, Sutherland is still no match for that other mistress of rare and early opera, Maria Callas. But not even Callas fans could deny last week that in sheer vocal technique, Sutherland had earned her Olympic gold medal.

Communism & the Cantor

The most esteemed musical post in Germany, that of cantor to the St. Thomas Church Choir in Leipzig, is also the oldest: the first incumbent moved into the job in 1212. For 27 years (1723 to 1750) Johann Sebastian Bach himself directed the choir that has since become the chief custodian of his music. But in the last 3½ years, since scholarly Kurt Thomas took over as choirmaster, there have been persistent reports that the East German government has been trying to force the *Thomaner* to sing to a Communist tune. Last week Cantor Thomas fled to West Germany, taking with him probably the last hope for the preservation of the world's finest Bach choir.

Before Thomas took the job, the East German Communists appeared ready to give him complete artistic autonomy, but no contract was signed, and Thomas soon found himself subjected to a campaign of harassment. The choir's U.S. tour scheduled for the summer of 1957 was canceled over Thomas' violent protests. The Reds tried to pressure Thomas into performing fewer religious works, and objected to one of his own compositions because it contained the line, "Let us all praise God united." The Leipzig city assembly suggested that in the future the choir perform "songs of the new era." Finally, last week, the choir's long-planned tour of West Germany was abruptly canceled, and Thomas decided he had had enough. Said he in West Berlin: "I hope my decision may serve as an alarm signal. Perhaps there is one last chance to keep the choir from being alienated from its tradition."

THE PRESS



Ed Bailey

COLUMNIST PORTER ADDRESSING DETROIT BUSINESSMEN
From the solid phalanx, homage to a phenomenon.

Sylvia & You (See Cover)

The overflow crowd of 1,200 at last week's meeting of Detroit's Economic Club was thoroughly and impressively big business. Throughout the jam-packed ballroom in the Veterans' Memorial Building sat many of Detroit's leading bankers, stock-and-bond men and captains of industry, including a solid phalanx from the automotive world: Chrysler Chairman L. L. ("Tex") Colbert, American Motors President George Romney, Edward N. Cole, general manager of General Motors' Chevrolet Division, and scores of others. From dozens of clear Havana cigars, as from the stacks of busy factories, smoke drifted ceilingward.

Before this capacity audience of male capitalists rose the invited speaker: a pert, brown-eyed, dark-haired Manhattan matron of 47, dressed in a tailored beige wool dress, pearls and black felt hat. With a smile, Mrs. G. Sumner Collins gently corrected Detroit *Free Press* Publisher John S. Knight, who in introducing her had mentioned her concern for the "belly issues" of economics. Perhaps a better expression, she suggested delicately, would be "pocketbook issues." Then, with the presidential ballots still being counted in many parts of the U.S. and with the business world understandably edgy about the prospect of a change in party administration, Mrs. Collins embarked on a knowing, rapid-fire discussion of her theme: "What's Next for Business and Investment." Said she: "One of the soundest rules I try to remember when making forecasts in the field of economics—a profession which is still far more an art than a science—is that whatever is to happen is happening already." The economy is not dominated by presidential elections, but rather by a cyclical pattern. "All this has little to do with the election

of John Kennedy. It would have been the same had Richard Nixon been elected. What is to happen, in short, may well be happening now, and regardless of the election, the recession should end on schedule very soon."

As she spoke, the audience listened with attentive respect. This respect had less to do with her message than with Mrs. G. Sumner Collins herself. It was the homage from businessmen who knew that this was a woman to be reckoned with in their masculine world. For Mrs. G. Sumner Collins is professionally known as Sylvia Porter, business columnist. From Chrysler's Colbert on down, Detroit's Economic Club is well aware that more car buyers, more stock market investors and more plain everyday consumers listen to Sylvia Porter than to any other economic writer in the profession.

\$250,000 a Year. Sylvia Porter is a press phenomenon. Her daily column, "Your Dollar," appears in 331 newspapers, giving her a distribution vastly wider than that of any other syndicated business columnist. Her potential readership exceeds 23 million. She appears in papers of the political left (the *New York Post*), of the center (the *Portland Oregonian*) and of the right (the *Phoenix Arizona Republic*); she runs in big papers (the *Chicago Daily News*, with 550,000 circulation) and small papers (the *Fort Smith, Ark. Southwest American*, with 18,000). Her column reaches into every state but New Hampshire and Alaska and goes to five countries abroad. It has made her emphatically a capitalist: Sylvia's annual income, including book royalties and the proceeds from a weekly newsletter she publishes, is more than \$250,000 a year.

Columnist Porter's vast readership gives her a powerful and measurable impact. Last year, when she told her readers about the first 5% Government note issue in current history, her column helped

prime a land-office rush to buy, notably in Houston ("Gimme some of those securities Sylvia Porter wrote about"), where her column had been appearing for years. Last April, when Sylvia invited readers to write to their brokers—or to the New York Stock Exchange—for assorted pamphlets on investing, 16,000 did just that.

Such impact carries her to the highest financial circles, which are understandably interested in what Sylvia is telling the rapt consumer. She has been required reading to the Secretary of the Treasury in every U.S. Administration since Franklin Roosevelt. Henry Morgenthau Jr. survived the rough edge of her tongue in 1935 to turn admirer, sent her roses on her birthday, Harry Truman's Secretary, John W. Snyder, asked for her autograph. Eisenhower's first Secretary, George M. Humphrey, mailed praise: "It is a treat to have good old Sylvia straighten people out." Incumbent Secretary Robert B. Anderson objects to any prolonged Porter absence from the capital. "When are you going to be in Washington?" he asked in a letter last year. "I haven't had the benefit of your always helpful advice for some time."

Rising with the Economy. Columnist Porter's rise to pre-eminence is paralleled—and, in part, explained—by a rising wave of popular interest in business and economic affairs. The surge picked up its momentum early in the 1950s. By then the nation's economy, having recovered from the Depression of the 1930s and the austerities of war, was reaching toward an unprecedented prosperity. Personal income was rising to new peaks. The post-war stock market was on the boom, encouraging millions of new investors to place their bets on business. Millions of other Americans, inspired by the bullish economy to test their credit, plunged in installments toward a new house, a new washing machine, a new car.

All these millions needed a plain-spoken, clearly articulate guide to the intricacies of the U.S. dollar. Sylvia Porter became that guide. She did not create the surge of interest in business reporting, but she had seen it coming. "I had



SYLVIA & "FREE PRESS'S" KNIGHT
"Pocketbook" is nicer than "belly."

always assumed that people were interested in economic affairs, just as I was," she says. "My assumption was justified. The times caught up with me. I was ready. I was there."

She was there not only at the right time and place, but in the right way. Then, and even now, the business sections of the daily press offered only meager nourishment for the millions of newly curious. They abounded in the dulllest kind of copy: earnings reports, production indexes, commodity prices and stock charts, most of it in the strange and mystifying currency of the marketplace: "economic parity," "discretionary income," "price-earnings ratio," "net free reserves."

Against this backdrop of "bafflegab," as Sylvia calls anything the reader cannot be expected to digest without help, her column stood out in bold and refreshing relief. For years she had been explaining the meaning of economics in terms that anyone could understand. Since no one

Brightening the Dull. Through the densest economic thicket Sylvia blazes a simple trail. "You wouldn't by any chance have \$460 tucked away in your pocket-book or wallet or lying around the house this minute, would you?" she once asked in her column. "As a typical American family, that's the astounding total you're now supposed to be holding in CASH. The statistics are indisputable, unassailable." After this arresting lead, guaranteed to nail the typical American reader, she led a quick tour of a difficult subject: a report on the national currency board.

With equal effect, she dips into her own experience to make points. "One of America's leading dermatologists simplified my life and slashed my personal budget a few months ago," she confided in a column last September. In the chatty paragraph that followed, Sylvia admitted a feminine partiality for expensive face creams ("I won't confess to myself, much less to you, what I was spending"), but said she had given them up when a skin

hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."

Spotting Trends. The fact is that as a business columnist, Sylvia Porter can more than hold her own in a predominantly male field. Even her critics acknowledge her perception. Says the chief of research for a topflight economic agency in Washington: "She is watched, more than read, because she is perceptive, and we want to know what is on her mind." Sometimes her crystal ball is as cloudy as anyone else's—together with most forecasters, she missed the 1960 steel picture, for example, inaccurately predicted record profits. But Sylvia has no equal at reducing vital but complex subjects, such as the Federal Reserve System, to manageable size. She is sometimes miles ahead of the competition in spotting trends: she was one of the first to see the business recession of 1958, made a splash by spotting the travail of Miami's resort-hotel business.

Far from disputing her critics, Sylvia



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Life
MORGENTHAU



Walter Bennett
SNYDER



Marge Shocklee—Capital Press
HUMPHREY



Joseph A. Livingston—Capital Press
ANDERSON

"I haven't had the benefit of your advice for some time."

else was doing it, Sylvia had the field to herself. As James A. Wechsler, editor of her base paper, the *New York Post*, has said: "Sylvia walked into a vacuum."

Aimed at Everybody. Sylvia asks the reader to come equipped with nothing more than an interest in a basic commodity: money. She supplies the rest, in a pattern so skillfully simple, informal and clear that it slides readily even into the nonexpert mind. "Increasing productivity" turns into "a bigger output per man per hour." "Discount rate" becomes "borrowing rate." Rather than indulge in bafflegab, Sylvia takes a paragraph to explain the jargon.

The Porter reader is invitingly and inevitably addressed as "you." This means everybody: "Just consider these facts and you'll grasp the deep personal meaning of this to you—whatever you are, wherever you are." If the "you" is fissionable, Sylvia splits it: "you, the small business man" and "you, the consumer," to quote two salutations joined in one recent Porter column. "You" also is highly possessive: it is "your recession," "your cost of living," "your pocketbook," and, of course, "your dollar."

specialist assured her that nothing, but nothing, beats common soap. This little white lie (in private fact, she still dabs on assorted costly ointments, pays 75¢ a cake for Elizabeth Arden soap) had its purpose. It was Sylvia's way of backing into a survey of the billion-dollar cosmetic industry so stuporously dull that few readers would have bothered to read it in the raw.

Eye-Dropper Economics? In her very simplicity of approach Sylvia Porter detractors are wont to see superficiality. Their principal objection is that she is not worth reading by anyone who has gone beyond the kindergarten economics level. "Economics by the eye-dropper," sneers a teacher of economics at New York University.

Many other Porter critics, especially among businessmen who profess not to read her, apparently hold the view of Britain's renowned 18th century lexicographer and epigrammatist, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who felt that women ought to know better than to invade a male province and could only succeed there as a freak. "Sir," said Johnson, "a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his

is unabashedly inclined to agree with them. "Let's face it," she says of her column, "it's not deathless prose. Sometimes I look at all that stuff and say, 'How am I getting away with it?' But it was the best I could do that day." She does not try to compete with the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin's* able Joseph A. Livingston, a polished and savvy economics columnist who is far more widely quoted on Wall Street than Sylvia, even though his 87-paper syndication does not include New York City. If some say she is no profound economic thinker, so does Sylvia: "I am not and should not be considered an economist." She knows what she is: Everyman's guide to the business world. "You could be the best of everything," says Sylvia, "and if nobody bothered to read you, what the hell?"

A Non-Woman. Staying on top in a man's game has not been easy. In the process Sylvia makes such a heavy emotional investment in her job that she sometimes seems to have very little left for the other content of life. "Sylvia's a non-woman," observes one of her editors with ruthless candor. "It's her glands that are interesting." On the job or off,

Sylvia's nerves twang like a steel guitar. She bites her fingernails, is constitutionally incapable of sitting still. Existing in a chronic state of tension, she smokes Kent cigarettes, one after another, gulps Scotch raw in man-sized quantities, pursues an elusive slumber with sleeping pills or murder mysteries.

Although she can be perfectly charming, Sylvia's temper is never more than just under control. Several years ago in Denver, as dinner guest of honor at the Denver Country Club, Sylvia flared at some remark from a table companion, took off her cartwheel hat and skimmed it savagely into space. Amid an awed hush, she had described a trajectory that sailed it safely past the maze of table crystal, diners, waiters and chandeliers to come to roost on an empty chair.

"**Lovable, Cantankerous.**" In private life Mrs. G. Sumner Collins, wife of the promotion director for Hearst newspapers, dominates her household without even pretending an interest in domesticity. In the Collins' ten-room (including three baths) apartment at 2 Fifth Avenue in downtown Manhattan, or on their 31-acre wooded estate in Pound Ridge, N.Y., Husband Sumner, 56, has learned from repeated experience that it is wise to lose some of the arguments. During the 1948 presidential campaign, Collins, a conservative Republican, and his wife, an intensely liberal Democrat, hardly spoke to each other. Sylvia still cherishes a loving note of surrender that her husband sent her in 1955, after one of their major arguments; in it he called her his "lovable, beautiful, hopped-up, cantankerous, tempestuous" little dear.

The apartment maid has been fired so many times that it has become a ritual. Even the Collins' daughter, Cris, has learned to be wary during "Mama's thinking moments"—the oppressive periods when Sylvia is having difficulty with a story. "I think that's a ridiculous present," snapped Sylvia last week, on the occasion of her daughter's eleventh birthday, when Cris proudly exhibited a life-sized doll, the gift of a friend. "You never wanted dolls before, and you're too old for dolls." At this uncharitable observation, Cris was on the threshold of tears—where she was shortly joined by her mother.

Mother's Drive. "All along the line since I can remember," says Sylvia Porter, "there's been a drive." The second child and only daughter of Rose and Louis Feldman, Russian-Jewish immigrants, Sylvia was born in Patchogue, L.I., on June 18, 1913. The family life in Brooklyn, where Dr. Feldman later moved his general medical practice, was comfortably and securely middle class, with intellectual overtones. A classical violinist, Dr. Feldman regularly serenaded his two children, Sylvia and John, and escorted them both to concerts. "We were taught to respect culture not as a status symbol, but as an everyday part of living, like eating or breathing," recalls John, now 49 and an ear-nose-throat specialist in San Diego. "We were a talking family.

We talked from morning till night. And we were a family that didn't think it was unfeminine for a girl to think. If anything, we rather thought that intelligence added to womanliness."

This lesson was drummed into Sylvia at a tender age by her mother, whose regular education stopped at high school and whose dream of being a career woman had been frustrated by marriage at 18. "I distinctly remember Mother saying to me, 'You're going to have a career,'" says Sylvia today.

While her grade school chums were reading *The Bobsey Twins at the Seashore*, Sylvia was reading Greek and Roman history. The sudden death of her



SYLVIA (RIGHT) & FAMILY, CIRCA 1916
Mother gave direction.

father, of a heart attack, when Sylvia was twelve, only cemented her resolution to be Somebody. Inexorably, the laws of economics closed in on Dr. Feldman's survivors. Left alone to raise her children on not quite enough money, his widow of necessity made successive excursions into business: as the proprietor of a dry-cleaning emporium, as a real estate saleswoman, and finally as a successful milliner. Eager to come to her mother's aid, Sylvia raced through grammar school with such velocity that she left part of it behind: from sixth grade she was skipped directly into Brooklyn's James Madison High School. This she conquered, with straight A's, in 3½ years.

Nor did she lose pace or urgency at Hunter College in midtown Manhattan. Mrs. Herman Weiss of Los Angeles, a Hunter classmate, vividly and somewhat obviously recalls Sylvia using the 15-minute breaks between classes to charge through her assignments: "She would sit down and glance over the textbook or whatever outside reading there was—and in a few minutes she would be better prepared

than the rest of us could be if we'd studied all night."

The Crash's Impetus. In 1929, during Sylvia's freshman year, her life took an important new direction. By no coincidence, this was the year of the great October crash of the stock market, in which millions of dollars literally vanished in a day. Among the millions were some \$30,000 that Mrs. Feldman had risked from her profits as a milliner. "It took a while for the pinch to really hurt," says Sylvia, "but when the roof fell in, I was appalled—and fascinated. How could something like that happen? How could so much money just disappear? I was damned curious." Sylvia decided to find out for herself.

Until then a history major, she switched to economics the following year, pursued the subject with an obsession that earned her a Phi Beta Kappa key as a junior, every cash prize open to economics students ("I went out for them because we needed the money") and graduation *magna cum laude* in 3½ years. But Sylvia was not around to collect her diploma. "The point is the winning, the achievement," says Sylvia. "Being there didn't matter. I had no compulsion to say, 'Look at me.'"

Appointing her mother as her stand-in at the graduation exercises, Sylvia dashed off on a shoestring motor tour of the country with seven young men. One of them was her husband, Reed Porter, a tall, blond budding financier whom Sylvia had met on a subway in her junior year at Hunter. She was 18. "Instead of having an affair," says Sylvia now, "we got married. It was a nice marriage, but it was meaningless." The Porters were amicably divorced in 1941.

Beckoning Wall Street. From graduation on, Sylvia's destiny was never in much doubt, at least to her. She tried selling magazines for a while, signed up as an Arthur Murray dance instructor, but these were only diversions. All the while, her sights were set on Wall Street, and one July day in the Depression year of 1932, this symbolical world beckoned. Or rather, Sylvia beckoned it.

Sipping coffee and reading the business section of the *Times* in an Automat at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, she came upon an ad announcing the opening of a new investment-counseling firm, Glass & Krey, just up the street. Sylvia made the trip over in such a hurry that her Phi Beta Kappa key was still swinging like a pendulum on her bosom when she arrived at the desk of Arthur William Glass. The sight of the pendant transfixed him. "I've always wanted to hire someone with one of those," he murmured before Sylvia could open her mouth. "What can you do?"

Hired at \$20 a week, Sylvia got a cram course in the gold market. One night in 1933, dining with Glass at a restaurant in Central Park, Sylvia got to debating with her boss the possibility of the U.S.'s going off the gold standard. Glass took Sylvia home at 10 p.m., then called at midnight, instructing her to show up at



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the office next day packed for a week's trip. Next morning, with the help of Western Union boys, Sylvia left for Bermuda with suitcases that Glass had turned over to her containing \$175,000 in gold coins—weighing more than 500 lbs. When she got to Bermuda there was a cable from Glass awaiting her: THE EXPECTED HAS HAPPENED. Acting upon instructions, she converted the gold into British pounds and the pounds to United Kingdom bonds—which, on her return to New York, Glass cashed in for a tidy week's profit of more than \$85,000.

"I Could Write." For the next few years, jumping restlessly from job to job, Sylvia accumulated other sorts of experience. At H. M. Gantley & Co., she learned how to plot and predict business cycles; at the brokerage firm of Charles E. Quincey & Co. she did early spade-work in Government bonds—a subject on which she is an acknowledged authority today.

These stints were all to a purpose. Freelancing in odd moments for the slender journals circulated around Wall Street, e.g., the *Magazine of Wall Street*, the *Commercial & Financial Chronicle*, Sylvia made an important discovery: "I discovered that I could write about this financial stuff." The discovery appealed strongly to the author of two unpublished novels (she wrote one at 6; her second, a doleful affair entitled *Those That Never Sing*, was written during the first year of marriage). In 1935, at the ripe age of 22, she felt mature enough to storm the barricades of the big-time press.

"I Was a Freak." The invasion was a success. Undismayed by a rash of male rebuffs ("We have never hired a woman in the financial department," said the Associated Press coldly, "and we never will"), Sylvia persisted, talked the New York *Post* into letting her contribute an occasional column at space rates. For the sake of appearance, Sylvia was disguised as a male—or a neuter—under the byline S. F. Porter. As a *Post* staffer, this masquerade hardly served her in public. "Everywhere I went I was a freak," she says, "The *Post* had to be careful where it sent me."

She had many ropes to learn. "In those days," she recalls, "I would read what the opposition papers got out, and I'd say to myself, 'What I'm doing just isn't good enough.'" Covering a bankers' convention early in her *Post* career, she froze at the dreadful prospect of phoning in her first deadline story, was gallantly rescued by a New York *Times* man who dictated her story for her.

Porter v. Morgenthau. Sylvia learned fast. Her column not only made the easiest reading in any Manhattan paper's business section, but ran high in shock value in an otherwise pallid field. "I worked up a daily fury about some economic injustice because there were so many of them," Sylvia says. Only a few months after turning journalist, her fury fell on no less a figure than Treasury Secretary Morgenthau.

"Is it obstinacy, stupidity or sheer ill advice?" she cried in the *American Banker*, a normally undisputatious periodical that also ran her articles. "What is behind the actions of this Secretary who, every summer, seems to lapse into disharmony with the Government bond market?" When Morgenthau demanded to meet the author of these impudent words, the *Banker* was understandably reluctant to present him with a female financial writer hardly out of her teens. The journal politely refused, in a letter that offered no clue as to her gender. Morgenthau found out anyway, dropped the matter—and eventually turned into a Sylvia Porter fan.

Unveiling a Woman. On other such coups, notably a *Scribner's Magazine* article that goaded the U.S. Treasury De-

Success has only accelerated the drive of a driven woman to stay where fate—with a considerable assist from Sylvia Porter—has landed her. In 1944, with some help from her second husband, Sumner Collins, whom she had married the year before, she started a weekly newsletter on Government bonds. Called *Reporting on Governments*, it circulates (at \$60 a year) to a blue-chip clientele of 2,500 bankers, economists and securities dealers, who consider it must reading. In recent years she has had effective assistance in this from Joseph Slevin, who also writes finance from Washington for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The militant crusader of 22 has vanished in the resounding success of 47. Anxious to lose none of her enormous—and enormously variegated—syndication,



Martha Holmes

THE COLLINSSES AT HOME
Your dollar comes first.

partment into breaking up a Government-bond racket that S. F. Porter exposed. Sylvia showed such flair that the *Post* ultimately decided her sex had become an asset. "I believe very definitely that the time has come for us to make capital of the fact that S. F. Porter is a woman," wrote T. O. Thackery, then editor of the *Post*, in a 1942 memo to the staff. The public unveiling—a full byline accompanied by a winsome half-column photograph—brought an odd sort of celebrity: one longtime column correspondent moodily addressed his next letter to "Darling" instead of "Dear Mr. Porter." From the U.S. Senate floor, in 1942, Colorado's Edwin Johnson branded her "the biggest liar in the United States" after a rash of Porter attacks on his silver policy. As the only lady business columnist in harness, she was in steady vogue as a lecturer. "After all, our second choice," wrote the executive secretary of the Massachusetts Bankers Association to Sylvia's lecture agency, "would not have the allure and woo-woo of Miss Porter."

Columnist Porter maintains a political neutrality so absolute that few of her readers realize she was a fervent Kennedy fan. She hustles unashamedly for more papers. On one visit to Dallas, she went up to *Times Herald* Executive Editor Felix McKnight, tore a dollar bill in two and gave him half. Recalls McKnight: "She said to me, 'I'll give you the other half when you take my column.' And she did, too."

Momentum. With Sylvia Porter, "your dollar" comes first. Every column she has written is carefully scrapbooked. Rising about 8:30 in the morning, Sylvia speeds husband and daughter goodbye with a kiss-kiss; by 8:50, sipping coffee in her bedroom and nervously smoking, she is deep in the business section of the *Times* and all of the *Wall Street Journal*. ("Here I don't read; I study.") In 20 taut minutes, a mind that can sponge whole columns at a glance has trapped all that Sylvia needs.

As often as lunch is lunch, it is a business interview: "It's hello and right down

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to it." By 2:30, Sylvia is in her cubbyhole office at the *Post* (next to that of Gossipist Leonard Lyons). Her back to the filing cabinets full of background material (which she never uses), she whacks away against a 5:30 deadline. Deadline is sometimes missed in the agony of indecision. Last week Sylvia was working ahead in preparation for a planned vacation with Summer. But even vacations are no particular rest. On a brief winter idyll in the Bahamas, sunning herself near a Detroit executive who did not recognize her, Sylvia picked up a chance remark about an impending Ford stock sale that made front pages all over the U.S.

This kind of momentum is probably what it takes to stay abreast of a business world whose unpredictability and changes Sylvia Porter understands as well as any observer. Her whole philosophy, in fact, is based on momentum. "There are two ways of looking at today's economic society," she says. "One is to preserve what you have. The other is to say, 'This won't do at all.' In recent years, we've only been protecting. You can't have a dynamic society and sit. We are supposed to have a competitive system. We're just paying lip service to it if we start crying tears when it is competitive. Let's be competitive." This is precisely what Business Columnist Sylvia Porter has been doing all her life.

Round Trip

The distance from Mexico, Mo. to New York City is 1,070 road miles. The difference between the Mexico evening *Ledger* and the New York *Herald Tribune* is even greater. Many young newsmen have successfully made the jump between such small towns as Mexico and the Big City. But in the summer of 1959, Robert Mitchell White II, the *Ledger's* crewcut coeditor and copublisher, decided to make the trip—at top level. He accepted the positions of president and editor of the *Herald Tribune*.

As of last week, it was plain that Bob White should have bought a round-trip ticket. From *Tribune* Owner John Hay Whitney, presently U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, came an announcement: on Whitney's return from Britain next January, he will take over as president and publisher of the *Trib*. Said Whitney: "Mr. White has informed me of his desire to resign [his] offices, and his resignation has been regretfully accepted."

In fact, White had little if any choice. During his 16 months at the *Trib*, he had made a lot of friends—but they were mostly personal. Circulation has hardly moved: up from 351,000 daily to 352,490. What changes occurred in the editorial face of the *Trib* were not always his doing; indeed, White generally skipped the editorial conferences about what to put on Page One as well as the daily conferences about what to say on the editorial page. Said White last week: "I came here with the distinct possibility of staying on permanently. It worked out the other way."

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The World of Suzie Wong [Ray Stark: Paramount]. The prostitute is the muse of the movies. When business is bad, she is invoked by producers who hope that commercial sex will bring the customers back in slaving hordes. This fall, what with the special distraction of politics and the usual competition of new television shows, movie business has been sluggish. Reaction: a demi-epidemic of pictures about prostitution, the most severe of recent years. Now showing in the U.S.: *Never on Sunday*, *Butterfield 8*, *Girl of the Night*, *Port of Desire*, *Rosemary*. And last week *Suzie Wong*, the biggest (it cost \$4,000,000, runs 129 minutes) and possibly the dumbest of them all, won a dubious distinction: it became the first trollopera ever to play Manhattan's family-minded Cathedral of cinema, Radio City Music Hall.

Adapted from a bestselling novel and Broadway play, *Suzie Wong* reminds that limp old yarn about the poor starving artist and the floozy with a heart of gold, but this time the yarn has a new kink in it: miscegenation. The twain meet in Hong Kong, and pretty soon the hero (William Holden) is so crazy about the whoreline (Nancy Kwan) that he cannot tell the difference between good and bad, white and Wong. Race prejudice and convention pothole the road to romance, but the lovers ride out the bumps.

Technically, the film is respectable. The street and harbor scenes in the crown colony bustle with color, the interiors are ingratiatingly ratty. Literarily, the picture is a mad chow mein of Chinese-laundry English, doused with a sickly marmalade of sentiment and soy-sauced now and then by a daffy line (prostitute announcing her baby's name: "Weenston. Hees fader velly important" man"). Dramatically, it is just one long touristic stagger through the better bars and restaurants of Hong Kong.

The direction (Richard Quine) is vague, and the principals are rigidly confined in miscasts. Actor Holden looks more like an aging bellboy than an artist. As for Actress Kwan, an Anglo-Chinese cutie born in Hong Kong and trained in London's Royal Ballet school, she looks more like Piccadilly than Wanchai. And the film's sentimentally sanitized conception of the Oriental prostitute as a sort of rising young calendar girl who graciously takes her turn as a U.S.O. hostess will seem a cruel jest to the undernourished minions of Asia's vast sex industry, many of them dead of disease or exhaustion long before they reach the heroine's comparatively advanced age: 21.

The Love Game [AJAM: Films Around the World]. "Up!" the young man (Jean-Pierre Cassel) chirps as he leaps briskly out of bed. "Grmp!" protests the pile of bedclothes (Genevieve Cluny) he has left behind, "you didn't



KWAN & HOLDEN IN "SUZIE WONG"
Good or bawdy?

wake me up the usual way!" The young man looks appalled at his forgetfulness, leaps almost to the ceiling, lands back in bed. "A *votre service!*" he bellows.

Actor Cassel, 27, is easily the funniest Frenchman seen on screen since Jacques (Mr. Hulot's Holiday) Tati; and *The Love Game*, the first New Wave comedy released in the U.S., is a happy, bawdy but somehow innocent and always violently spontaneous little pajama party. "What you do," the heroine informs the hero thoughtfully, "you do well. But—not seriously." *Morbleu!* he wonders. What more does the girl want? "A baby." The hero pales at the thought of marriage and fatherhood. "Fill your needs elsewhere," he proclaims indignantly. She finds a rival (Jean-Louis Maury) and gets engaged—but the rival gets cold feet, and at the fade hero tenderly promises heroine that some day, surrounded by all the children her heart desires, she may even have a wedding. *Fin*.

In such a friable, treatment is everything, and the man responsible for that is Director Philippe de Broca, who never before made a movie on his own and now emerges as the biggest comic talent of the new school of Gallic cinema. Considering his youth and inexperience, De Broca's technique is startlingly mature. He has a frenzied flair for sight and prop gags, but he never lets them disturb the deeper humor of the scene—many moviegoers may for instance fail to observe that the painter-hero cleans his brushes on, of all things, an old black bra.

For De Broca, the comedy that counts is the comedy of character, and in Cassel he has found a richly responsive instrument to play on: a comedian who, like Chaplin or Marie Dressler, is more an actor than a performer. And through the

character Cassel creates—a ludicrous but lovable mixture of Don Juan and Peter Pan—the moviemaker says something subtle and gently ironic about the character of urban youth in modern France. But at the core of his comedy, in scenes that hop, skip and jump like almost nothing since René Clair's great comedies (*The Million*, *The Italian Straw Hat*), De Broca makes a gay and warm and generous point about life itself: live it while you've got it because you only get it once.

Also Showing

North to Alaska [20th Century-Fox], a sort of northwestern for intellectuals, resets the Tristram legend as a Klondike comedy. Steady now. The Tristram is John Wayne. Bound home to Nome with a load of mine machinery, Sourdough Wayne picks up a package (Capucine) for his prospector pal (Stewart Granger). Though shortly tempted, the big dope delivers the package still wrapped. Can't he see that the girl is madly in love with him? Probably not: Actress Capucine has only one expression at her command, a look of tender gastritis. When Wayne and friend get back to the mine, Granger fails to hit paydirt and so does his little brother (Fabian). In the end, after a belly-busting burlesque of the standard barroom brawl, Wayne gets the girl, and the villain (Ernie Kovacs) gets covered all over with sweet violets—or studio facsimile. But it does seem that Fabian should get Capucine. That way, between the two of them, they would at least have one full name.

September Storm [20th Century-Fox] will soon blow over, but while it lasts the public is invited to contemplate—along with Mark Stevens, Joanne Dru, a wicked-looking foam-rubber shark and a fishily familiar search for sunken treasure—a cinematic curiosity: the first 3-D picture Hollywood has released in five years.

The film was shot in Stereovision, a new and allegedly improved process of stereotypical cinematography designed to adapt 3-D to the CinemaScope wide screen. Although the moviegoer still has to wear flimsy and uncomfortable Polaroid goggles that allow the two separate images on the screen to merge in his mind, some improvement is apparent, particularly in the definition of images. The actors still look strangely diminished, far away, unreal, like little plaster figures in a photographed tableau.

When the camera tries a closeup, some customers experience a disturbing sensation, as if their eyes, in order to focus, were being forced to cross. As the cutter fades one image from the screen and fades another in, the eyes instinctively attempt to focus on the departing and the arriving images, and the strain sometimes approaches the threshold of pain. On the whole, the experience is entertaining, and probably will not hurt anybody who has not had to go through it since 1955. In any case, it is always possible, if the eyes protest too much, to slip off the goggles and see two pictures for the price of one.

Executive Mansion,

Washington....., 186

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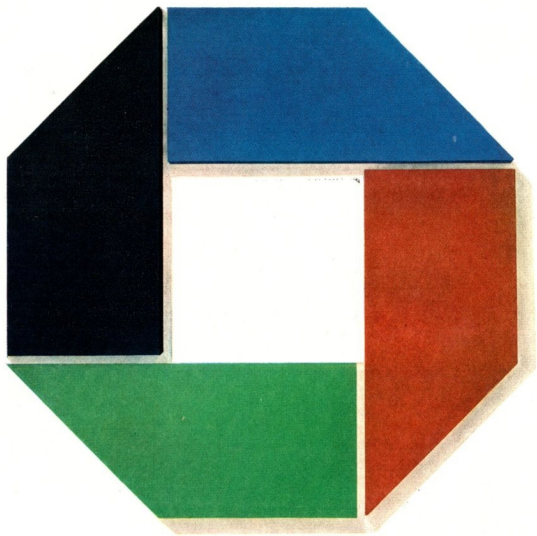
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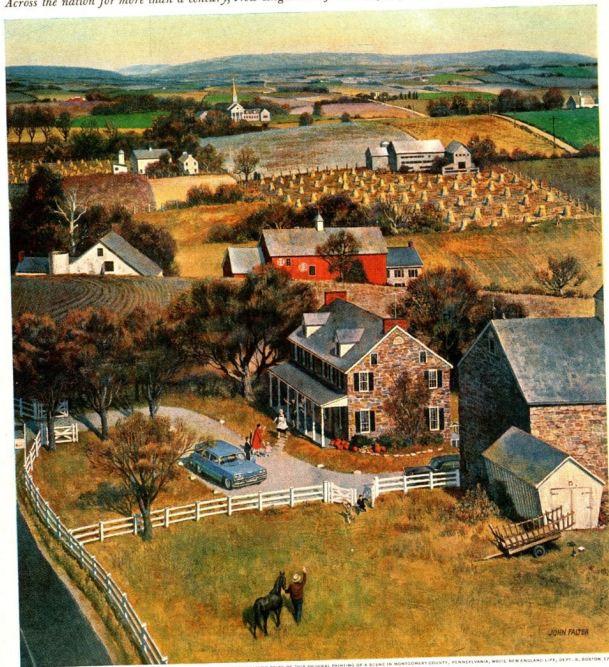
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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

Hero's Exit

"I've laughed about my so-called 'death' before," he said last year, when his health seemed excellent and he smilingly scotched the sort of morbid rumor that forever comes up in the career of an aging giant. Of course he was not dead. The lines of his face had deepened and the skin had toughened. There was less gloss and more grey in his hair. But this was like seasonal change on a mountain. The basic topography was nearly permanent. He was, after all, Clark Gable.

In 30 starring years and about 65 films, he had dominated Hollywood. He was to the American motion picture what Ernest Hemingway is to American literature. He had the same masculine appeal, conveyed the same sense of escape from oppressive city culture, and suggested that what matters in life is the things a man can do with his body and his two hands. The gulf between Gable and the newer Hollywood generation was well summed up by a Clan member, who once said contemptuously: "He's a square. What would we find to say to him? He goes hunting."

Like a Gong. There was something exhilarating about his sheer brawn, whether he was swashing across the decks of the *Bounty*, or boxing with Spencer Tracy in *San Francisco*, or pouring the carafe of water over the Big Boss's head in *The Hucksters*. He often pioneered shock scenes. In *Red Dust* (1932) he discovered Jean Harlow bathing in a rain barrel, and in *It Happened One Night* (1934) he shared a tourist cabin with Claudette Colbert, their beds divided by a blanket stretched on a rope. In the same picture, when he took off his shirt and revealed nothing but a glossy chest, he touched off a crisis among undershirt manufacturers.

The main thing was that he took no nonsense from women. In *Gone With the Wind*, when he snarled at Scarlett O'Hara, played by Vivien Leigh, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn," he taught the talkies how to swear. And when he slapped Norma Shearer's face in *A Free Soul*



WITH NO. 3 IN "NO MAN OF HER OWN"
Both sacred and profane.

(1931), he slapped into obsolescence the smooth and courtly Valentino school of hand-kissing elegance. "Perhaps," said Norma Shearer last week, "that was where Noel Coward got the idea for his line: 'Every woman should be hit regularly—like a gong.' And for that sort of thing it was Gable who made villains popular. Instead of the audience's wanting the good man to get the girl, they wanted the bad man to get the girl."

Although he was a thorough professional, few critics bothered to consider him as an actor. He was, simply, a hero, and everything he touched turned to Gable. Sometimes he played The King as if he expected someone else to play The Ace, but he knew it and said so disarmingly. "I'm no actor and I never have been," he once explained. "What people see on the screen is me."

His Coronation. The man they saw was born William Clark Gable in Cadiz, Ohio, the 12-lb. son of a Pennsylvania Dutchman who had one foot in agriculture, the other in oil. Gable's mother died before he was a year old, and the

shy, chubby, awkward, somewhat spoiled only child—who played a Teddy bear in a grade-school play—was raised on a mixture of hazard and earthy practicality. For three years he worked as a tool dresser in an Oklahoma oilfield, climbing 80-ft. derricks to grease the crown block and swinging 16-lb. sledge hammers.

Just after his 21st birthday Clark Gable joined a touring theatrical company called the Jewell Players, stayed with the group until it collapsed some months later in Butte, Mont. He had 26¢. Hopping a freight, he took a gelid ride to the Pacific Northwest, piled logs, sold neckties, became a telephone repairman. One of the last phones he fixed was at the theater of the Red Lantern Players, where Josephine Dillon, then in her late thirties, was the resident stage director. She taught him diction, projection and carriage, and married him when he was 23.

For six years Gable floated among minor theatrical jobs, then caught the attention of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. There was just one problem—those ears. Milton Berle would later describe them as "the best ears of our lives," but Warner Bros. had already decided that they made young Gable unfit for the screen. M-G-M simply pinned back the Gable flappers with adhesive tape, and cast him in *The Painted Desert*. As Gable rose toward his coronation as The King—a ceremony actually performed in 1937 by Spencer Tracy with a cardboard crown—he shed the tape.

Comfort & Courage. Divorced by Josephine Dillon in 1930, he married Maria (Rhea) Franklin Prentiss Lucas Langham, a Houston socialite whose first marriage had occurred before Gable was born: despite his obvious virility, he apparently needed the comfort and security provided by older women. The first Mrs. Gable is now 76, lives alone in Hollywood with her chihuahua, and provided a startling contrast last week when, white-haired and frail, she was photographed looking at a picture of her young husband of years ago. Rhea, now 70, lives alone in Houston.

Gable liked his women to be both sacred and profane, and Carole Lombard, who in 1939 became his third wife, was close to perfection in both categories. During their courtship, when she heard that an-



Associated Press
WIFE NO. 1



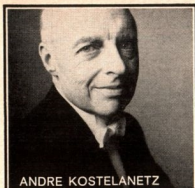
WIFE NO. 2
No nonsense from women, but a need for comfort.



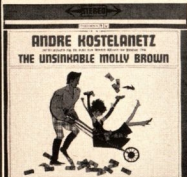
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other actress had plans of her own for Gable, Carole Lombard stormed the set, told the director: "Get that whore out of this film or Gable goes." The rival vanished. Lombard gave her man a pure white Ford adorned with red valentines, learned to handle a shotgun so she could join him on his beloved hunting trips.

Gable's smile spread wider than a river in flood—until Carole Lombard was killed in an air crash during the early months of World War II. Soon afterward he enlisted in the Army Air Forces, flew combat missions in B-17s out of Peterborough, England, functioning as both the head of an aerial film unit and as a turret gunner.

On His Own. After the war, the momentum of his great days in the '30s carried him through a series of mediocre films, but not through a mismatched 1949-52 marriage to Lady Sylvia Ashley, widow of Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and ex-wife of a couple of British peers.

Professionally, matters improved with films like *Command Decision* and *Mogambo*, privately with his 1955 marriage to Kay Spreckels, who in 1952 had divorced Adolph Spreckels Jr., heir to a sugar fortune. By last summer, Clark Gable had at last settled again into a life that fully agreed with him. In *The Misfits*, written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston, he had found a film he considered his best since *Mutiny on the Bounty*. He was playing, in Miller's words, a Westerner whose idea of living was: "You start by going to sleep. You get up when you feel like it. You scratch yourself, fry yourself some eggs, throw stones at a can. Whistle . . ." In short, he was again playing Clark Gable.

On *The Misfits* location in Reno, he learned that his wife Kay was pregnant with his first child (due next March). He was so literally the king of his profession that when he came into a room, people stood and clapped. Nevadans stared in admiration while Gable fixed a flat on his own car: they were watching a man who did almost everything on his own and did it well. He made his own friends, who included studio executives but also hotel-keepers, contractors, mechanics; and with some of them he would motorcycle through San Fernando Valley at 100 m.p.h.

Reason or No Reason. Standing 6 ft. 1 in., he was still as strong as two men back to back. During the filming of 1938's *Test Pilot*, he was supposed to be "killed" by an avalanche of 60-lb. sandbags, flung them around like jelly beans until the bags were refilled at 200 lbs. to make the scene believable. He had, too, a man's modest restraint of swagger. He was proud of his wide, wide shoulders, and with one extra drink in him he would turn in the broadest doorway and go through sideways.

When word came of Clark Gable's death at 59 last week, resulting from his second heart attack this month, it was no rumor, as it had been last year. Trite but accurately, his small, quiet military funeral—before burial beside Carole Lombard at Hollywood's Forest Lawn Cemetery—was called the end of an epoch. His star had

gone higher and stayed there longer than any other in the history of films. A bit of dialogue from *The Misfits* will long be remembered as his exit line, "Honey," the script had him say at one point to Marilyn Monroe, "we all gotta go some time, reason or no reason. Dyin's as natural as livin'. Man who's too afraid to die is too afraid to live, far as I've ever seen. So there's nothin' to do but forget it, that's all. Seems to me."

TELEVISION

What's His Line?

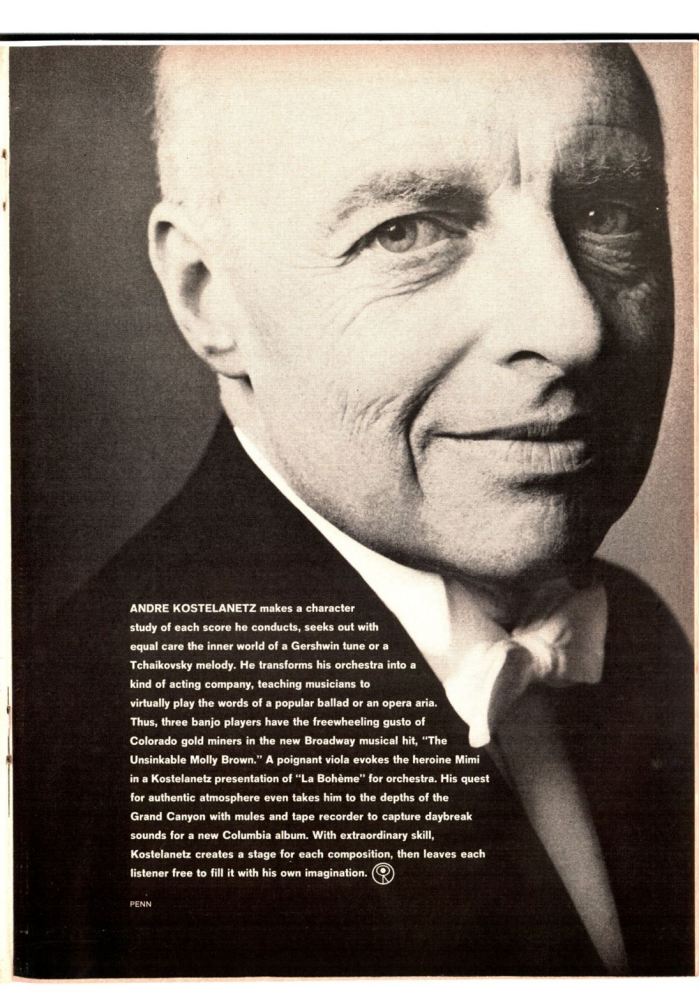
To millions of TV watchers, John Charles Daly is the melon-domed man with the slightly pained smile who tosses those amusing polysyllables at the panel on CBS's *What's My Line?* To a considerably smaller group he is a glib, able TV and radio newscaster who for seven years has held the job of vice president in



NEWSCASTER DALY
He didn't know.

charge of news, special events and public affairs at ABC. Last week, plainly not quite sure any more what his line was, Daly angrily resigned his ABC post, citing "fundamental policy differences" with Leonard Goldenson, president of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theaters, Inc. Slated to reorganize the network's whole news operation is Presidential Press Secretary James C. Hagerty, who will move into ABC as a vice president after he moves out of the White House.

Daly presumably could have continued under or alongside Hagerty, but he has long been at odds with ABC management. On election night Daly simmered when Goldenson usurped an hour of news to carry *Bugs Bunny* and *The Rifleman*. Last year, fighting against network use of information programs produced on the outside, Daly got ABC to reject an independently made documentary, *The Race for Space*. The last straw, explained Daly last week, came when Goldenson decided,



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without consulting him, to take on a series of new documentary programs to be co-produced by TIME Inc. (the first, about Latin America, will be shown on Dec. 7).

Daly's main trouble with ABC has always been that it is something of a bargain-basement network, fighting hard to win ratings and income away from its two bigger competitors through relentless peddling of westerns and cop shows. Even this season, despite such new ABC efforts as *Close-Up!* and the series based on Winston Churchill's memoirs (beginning this week), the network still rarely schedules public-affairs shows in prime time, devotes roughly less than half as much time to such shows as NBC and CBS, and employs only about a fifth as many news staffers.

Considering these limitations, Johannesburg-born Reporter Daly did well enough. CBS Radio's White House correspondent at 23, he broadcast from Anzio beachhead during World War II and obtained a notable scoop of F.D.R.'s bypassing Henry Wallace at the 1944 Democratic convention in favor of Truman. Daly often stole the show from the competition's high-priced, gimmick-armed task forces, even if his portentous, pear-shaped tones now sound somewhat old-fashioned. Insists Daly: "By the old standards by which I was brought up, most of what passes for public-service programming today is nothing of the sort; I don't know how they get away with it." As for his future? "There simply hasn't been time to plan anything."

Triumph at Dunsinane

When Shakespeare plays television, he usually loses. A line here, a scene there, disappears under the chopper as all that spirit is crammed onto the 21-inch screen. The total effect, too frequently, is bottled hard. But this week NBC's *Hallmark Hall of Fame* pulled out the cork, took a full setting and two hours for an excellent, virtually uncut production of *Macbeth*.

Filmed in England and at Scotland's Hermitage Castle in the Cheviot Hills, the play—with its bright Highland backgrounds and darkly cloistered interiors—was done in some of the most living color ever seen on television. It was well directed by George Schaefer, who made restrained but effective use of the advantages of film: for the forest-concealed murder of Banquo; for an electronically superimposed vision of his ghost, whose airy lack of substance helped direct attention away from the supernatural and into Macbeth's mind; for the approach of troops, siege ladders, battering rams, and Birnam wood itself to Dunsinane.

All that would have gone for naught had it not been for the towering performance of Judith Anderson, the fine one of Maurice Evans. With blood-red hair and blood-red voice as she told her shallow-hearted thane to screw his courage to the sticking place, Judith Anderson was so evilly and essentially Lady Macbeth that she seemed to have been waiting there among the Scottish battlements 900 years for NBC to come and shoot her.



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Dangerous Days

Doctors know that the menstruating woman tends to be irritable, lethargic, depressed, violent or in rare cases, suicidal. She is less punctual and more forgetful; she may even be temporarily less intelligent. Last week, in the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. Katharina Dalton suggested that menstruation makes a woman more likely to be involved in an accident.

In four London general hospitals, Dr. Dalton questioned 84 female accident victims (age range: 15 to 55), all of whom had normal, 28-day menstrual cycles. Her findings: 52% of the accidents occurred to women who were within four days, either way, of the beginning of menstruation. On a purely random basis, the rate would have been only 28.5% for the same eight days. Childless women, noted Dr. Dalton, appear to be abnormally accident-prone just before menstruation, while women who have borne children are vulnerable over the whole premenstrual and menstrual period.

Premenstrual and menstrual lethargy relaxes judgment and slows reaction time, said Dr. Dalton. "These findings," she concluded, "cause one to consider the wisdom of administering tranquilizers for premenstrual tension, which may well increase accident-proneness at the most dangerous time of the menstrual cycle."

The Urge to Sue

It was almost midnight as a Denver attorney and two physicians drove home from an outdoor concert in nearby Red Rocks Park. Suddenly, the car's headlights flashed across a hole in the earth at the edge of the road, and the lawyer blinked with astonishment. From the dark hole protruded the legs of a woman. "That woman needs help," he cried, stopping the car. "Drive on," urged the doctors. "We can't afford to get mixed up in this and then get sued for malpractice later." They drove on.

More and more U.S. doctors are resorting to just such callous measures, as they learn a bitter lesson: medicine is an inexact science, but there is little room for error as far as the courts are concerned. One in every seven U.S. physicians, says the American Medical Association, has been sued for giving treatment that a court may decide is contrary to accepted rules and injurious to the patient. Last year alone, 6,000 doctors were sued. Jury awards in malpractice suits have nearly trebled since 1950; lawyers' fees, court costs, damages and out-of-court settlements in last year's cases totaled an estimated \$50 million. Good Samaritan cases, such as the Denver doctors dodged, form a small but rich field for suits, because emergencies demand haste, often catch the doctor ill-equipped and ill-prepared.

Doctors v. Lawyers. The result is that almost 95% of all U.S. doctors carry malpractice insurance and many feel like



Culver Pictures

THE GOOD SAMARITAN
"Drive on," urged the doctors.

sitting pigeons for unscrupulous patients and lawyers. General Counsel C. Joseph Stetler of the A.M.A. blames exaggerated stories of new drugs, methods of treatment and "miracle" surgery, which "lead the public to believe that anything less than a perfect result is per se evidence of negligence." Result: an increased urge to sue. Some doctors insist that only 10% of all malpractice suits have any merit; the rest, they claim, are nothing more than "legalized blackmail."

Not so, say trial attorneys like San Francisco's Melvin M. ("King of Torts") Belli, whose courtroom success once



Jon Branneis

LAWYER BELLI
"Go back and sue," said St. Peter.

moved a California physician to speculate: "If Melvin Belli were removed from the California malpractice scene, our insurance rates[®] would drop 50%." Quick-witted and Darrowsque, Lawyer Belli estimates that he has filed more than 1,000 malpractice suits (75 actually went to trial), relieved doctors and insurance companies of \$8,000,000 in judgments and out-of-court settlements.

Belli says that "most of the verdicts are justified, because judges and the law have put so many safeguards around doctors." He points out that in some states (e.g., Arizona, New Mexico) malpractice cases are "very rare indeed," because doctors flatly refuse to give testimony that would show medical negligence by their colleagues. Says Belli: "It's the damndest conspiracy, but it's understandable: the doctors fear reprisals—their insurance can be yanked, or they can be bumped off the hospital staff or find empty chairs beside them at the medical banquets." Doctors' self-imposed silence has prompted two states—Massachusetts and Nevada—to permit use of standard medical textbooks in court to establish prudent practices.

Res Ipsa Loquitur. A.M.A. studies show that two-thirds of malpractice claims originate from in-hospital incidents. Sponges occasionally are sewn into patients' stomachs (a group of California hospitals recently reported a run on "lost sponges"—18 in a single year). Obstetricians have been known to deliver one baby and quit, leaving its twin behind. Surgeons have removed a kidney only to discover that one is all the patient had. A more common cause: transfusions of mismatched blood, which kill about 3,000 patients a year in the U.S., injure thousands more. In such cases, where human error is clearly responsible, courts often hold that *res ipsa loquitur*—"the thing speaks for itself"—and the injured patient need not produce expert testimony to prove the physician's negligence.

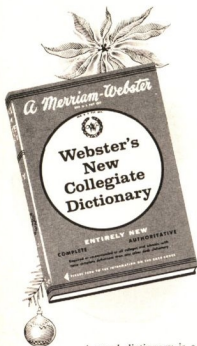
The doctor may also get into a jam for administering antibiotics to allergic patients, or for invasion of privacy—like a Michigan physician who invited a friend to watch a delivery. He may even be accused of contributing to his patients' neuroses. A classic case: a New York woman, suffering from bursitis in her shoulder, received a radiation burn from excessive X-ray treatment, was later warned by a skin specialist that cancer might develop. She sued, and an appeals court in 1958 awarded her \$15,000 for "cancerophobia" induced by the dermatologist's warning.

Doctors also have been sued for failing to spell out risks. Notes one recent decision: "The plaintiff may expect his claim to be upheld if he avers that his right to make his own decisions, based on the nature of his disease, was thwarted by the doctor's concealment." Earlier this

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year, after a Kansas woman suffered burns from radioactive cobalt therapy for her breast cancer, her physician was judged negligent—even though the treatment was skillfully performed—simply because he failed to tell her there was a risk of radiation burn, and therefore, said the court, had not obtained her "informed consent" to the treatment.

Nowhere in the U.S. is the malpractice suit more common than in California. One in every four California doctors has already been sued at least once, and the state boasts records for both the highest jury award (\$250,000) and the highest out-of-court settlement (\$290,000) in U.S. history. During the past four months, in Los Angeles County alone, malpractice damages have totaled \$400,000. One California doctor, insured for only \$5,000, was slapped with a \$75,000 judgment, lost his home, automobile and other assets. Dr. William F. Quinn, former president of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, says the area's physicians may soon become uninsurable. He adds that this might be a good thing: "We wouldn't have half the malpractice suits we have if the shysters and the insurance carriers knew we weren't insured."

Fighting Back. Physicians last year persuaded the California legislature to pass a "Good Samaritan" law that guarantees civil immunity to doctors giving aid in emergencies, and the Colorado Bar Association is drafting similar legislation. Members of California's joint Alameda-Contra Costa Counties Medical Society, just across the bay from San Francisco, have a successful, 15-year-old malpractice review program that has been copied in eight other states. Its motto: "We fight when we're right and pay when we're wrong." Patients' complaints are studied by a board of 15 doctors and one clergyman. If the committee decides a malpractice complaint is justified, the medical society's insurer—American Mutual Liability Insurance Co.—is obligated to settle with the plaintiff. Largest out-of-court settlement so far: \$95,000.

Out of fear of malpractice suits, many U.S. doctors have become careful, and even ultra-cautious, about the kind of medicine they practice. The results: higher costs and—in certain cases—poorer medical care. Some anesthesiologists now shy away from medically advisable spinal, because the public imagines them to be dangerous and is thus prone to sue if anything goes wrong. Some internists order superfluous, expensive diagnostic tests and X rays, to cover themselves against lawsuits from every angle. Many general practitioners no longer will dispense telephone advice or permit prescription refills. Suit-shy surgeons, says a San Francisco doctor, have become "frankly reluctant to try radical things—which might do a patient some good." Doctors dislike these dodges, but they feel in real pocket-book danger. A joke going the rounds among physicians has St. Peter greet a man at the gates of heaven saying: "You weren't due here until 1965. Go back and sue your doctor for malpractice."

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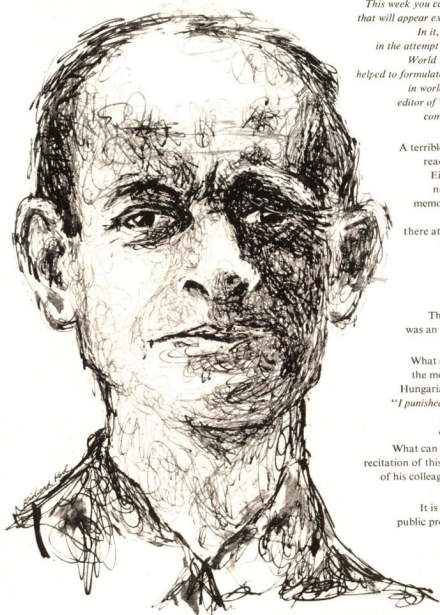


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TIME, NOVEMBER 28, 1960

EICHMANN CONFESSES

Harry Golden previews an extraordinary document beginning in this week's LIFE



This week you can begin reading a startling document that will appear exclusively in LIFE in two instalments.

In it, Adolf Eichmann, a major participant in the attempt to exterminate Europe's Jews during World War II, tells in his own words how he helped to formulate and carry out the greatest massacre in world history. LIFE asked Harry Golden, editor of "The Carolina Israelite," to read and comment upon the Eichmann manuscript.

Here is what Mr. Golden wrote:

A terrible sadness overwhelms you when you read this document, for the devastation Eichmann brought to millions seemed neither real nor necessary to him. His memoir has a curious and remote quality, almost as if Herr Eichmann wasn't there at all. But everything he says confirms what we know about anti-Semitism, a disease which involved the renunciation of logic and against which no logic can possibly prevail.

Thus Eichmann is able to write that he was an idealist and not even an anti-Semite, but only a Nazi doing his duty.

What can we say about this Eichmann? At the moment when he admits deporting the Hungarian Jews to the gas chambers he says, "I punished my chauffeur who unscrewed a toilet lid from my office because he needed a new toilet seat for his rented room."

What can we say of a man who indulges in the recitation of this off-hand incident while he also tells of his colleagues who opened the mouths of dead Jews to extract the gold fillings?

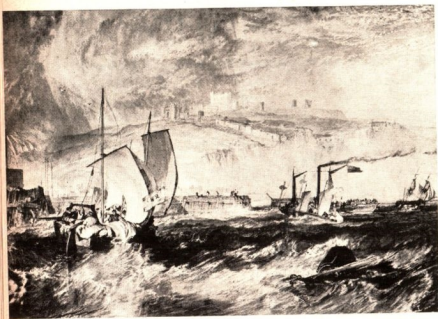
It is a service to bring this memoir to the public precisely because it awakens the terror, the shock, and the disbelief that mass murderers of such magnitude could have populated our own generation.

—HARRY GOLDEN

EXCLUSIVELY in the new issue of

LIFE

ART



TURNER'S "DOVER CASTLE FROM THE SEA": FORM DROWNED IN MOVEMENT

Prodigal Landscapist

According to a lady who met him in Bristol during one of his sketching trips through England, Joseph Mallord William Turner was not the sort of visitor a hostess would want to have more than once. He was "uninteresting" in manner and "slovenly" in appearance. "He is not at table polite; he would be helped, sit and lounge about, caring little for anyone but himself, or about any subject except his drawing." Turner's dedication may have been hard on those around him, but it produced some of the most delicate and influential works of art ever to come out of Britain. Manhattan's Otto Gerson Gallery this week shows 44 Turner watercolors and drawings, assembled in the U.S. and Britain by Art Critic Katharine Kuh, that clearly show how far ahead of his time Turner was.

Output: 20,000. The son of a barber in London's Maiden Lane, Turner never got enough education to make him sure of his grammar or his diction, but he was turning out competent drawings at the age of twelve which his proud father peddled to customers for one to three shillings. Two years later, in 1789, young Turner was admitted as a student to the Royal Academy at a council meeting presided over by the redoubtable Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was a small fuss-budget of a boy with unruly long curls and a large nose. He seldom spoke to anybody and confided in no one. His early watercolors are meticulously academic, but every year seemed to bring him new emancipation.

In his long lifetime he produced nearly 20,000 watercolors and drawings—mountaintops, battle scenes, romantic castles, lakes and seas. He was fascinated by

weather; few experiences pleased him more than to be out in a small boat in a storm. "That's fine! That's fine!" he would cry every time a big wave tossed the boat aloft. He drew on foot, on horseback and on trains, was outraged when the conductor would not hold the train long enough for him to complete a sketch: "Damn the fellow. He has no feeling!" His work was championed by such men as Critic John Ruskin and Painter Sir Thomas Lawrence and commanded top prices. But it was also called the worst "claptrap ever painted."

Painting with Bread. What seemed like claptrap was in fact a pioneering concern with light—the same concern that the impressionists were to share almost a generation later. While other artists began even the sketchiest watercolor with a painstaking drawing, Turner worked swiftly and directly with color. He might use a sponge, a knife, a finger or a piece of bread to get the desired effect; he was perfectly willing to let form be nearly drowned in movement. Few men have ever captured so luminously the restless wave, the fleeting cloud, a gathering mist or a fading twilight.

A lifelong bachelor and semi-recluse who at his death at 76 was dodging attention by living under the name of "Mr. Booth," Turner did have his warm-hearted moments. Aside from painting, his greatest ambition was to found a home for "decayed English artists (Landscape Painters only) and single men." And at one exhibition when the high colors of one of his paintings overshadowed those in two nearby Lawrence portraits, Turner tactfully smudged his own canvas with lamplblack—which he washed off after the show.

Incorrigible Romantics

Among the many kingdoms that flourished in medieval India, few were ever more warlike than the nine kingdoms of Rajputana in the north. Their rulers claimed direct descent from the sun, and even the powerful Moguls, who had swept everything before them, could not topple the lofty Rajput castle fortresses where men dreamed all night of battle. But as time passed, the Rajputs lost their fierceness, and from the 16th to the 19th centuries were patrons of a joyful and fragile art, which has become their chief legacy. Last week gallerygoers were trooping in to see an exhibition of that art in New Delhi, and Manhattan's Asia House was readying a much finer display of 110 paintings for an exhibition early in December (see color).

None of the paintings at Asia House is more than 500 years old, and some only 150, but few of the artists' names are known today. The roots of the art lie in both the medieval illustrated manuscripts that came from western India and in the Persian-inspired art of the Moguls. While the Hindu and Jain manuscripts used simple flat colors and stylized figures, the Mogul artists went in for portraiture and heroic narrative. The Rajputs borrowed from both, added their own flavor.

No Derring-Do. They painted on paper, using a kind of tempera made by grinding colored stones and mixing the powder with herbs to produce fiery reds and deep greens, or blues and yellows as soft as butterfly wings. Their works were usually book-sized, for they were meant to be looked at in albums that had been designed for the private entertainment of the patron. The artists rarely spoke of war, nor did they flatter their masters with tales of derring-do. Though they might produce a hunt or a scene of ceremony, they were at heart incorrigible romantics. Legend and poetry gave them inspiration, and their purpose was not so much to produce a picture as to create a mood.

Probably no artists were ever so influenced by music and literature, or tried so hard to produce a blending of all the arts. One of their favorite themes was to illustrate a series of poems called *Ragmalas* or *Garland of Ragas*.^{*} But such paintings could also tell a story—often the tale of two lovers, whose love was both human and divine. The Rajputs had a genius for mixing heaven and earthiness.

The Long Night. It was only natural that one of the favorite subjects of the Rajput artists should be Krishna, the naughty, and yet most appealing, blue-skinned god. As a boy, Krishna was constantly stealing milk, curds and butter; and as a man, he could seem to have enough separate bodies to dance the night through with a whole flock of milkmaids

^{*} The *raga*, like its sister the *ragini*, is a melodic framework within which the Indian musician can improvise almost indefinitely. But the musician must not employ the wrong *raga* at the wrong moment, for each is strictly associated with a particular season, time of day or shading of emotion.



ANONYMOUS 18TH CENTURY RAJPUT PAINTING OF HINDU FESTIVAL WELCOMING THE COMING OF WINTER



UNKNOWN ARTIST PAINTED KRISHNA PLAYING FLUTE



PAIR OF LOVERS BY RALNUDDIN (17TH CENTURY)



PAINTING OF RAM SINGH I OF KOTAH ON ELEPHANT PURSUING A RHINOCEROS

at once. One such night, according to the poets, lasted for several months:

*Milkmaids and Nanda's son alternate
like storm clouds and lightning,
The darkling Krishna and fair Braj girls,
like a gold and sapphire necklace . . .
And there was such harmony of the
ragas and raginis that, by hearing it,
Wind and water no longer moved.*

Case of the Runaway Tongue

One day last September an intense, cigar-chomping Hong Kong art dealer bounded into the local U.S. Treasury Foreign Assets Control Office on what seemed to be a fairly routine matter. All he wanted was a license to ship a rare and ancient (1000 B.C.) bronze ax he owned to a buyer in the U.S. Throughout Hong Kong, Dealer J. D. Chen, 55, is known as a shrewd and canny man, but that day his tongue ran away with him.

At the control office, a U.S. official happened to make a general observation about the difficulty of getting permission to export Chinese art objects to the U.S. The block is the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act, which forbids the importing of goods from Red China unless the dealer can prove that he got them from the mainland before 1950. But J. D. Chen boasted that he had of late been doing quite well without going to the bother of getting licenses at all: if a U.S. customer wanted one of his treasures, Chen would get a friend, a tourist or even a diplomat to take the object into the U.S. as a personal belonging. So far, no one in customs had questioned the declarations of these unwitting agents, but to the U.S. official Chen blabbed to, it seemed like a clear case of smuggling.

The official sent word to Washington, and the hunt was on. In Los Angeles a Chinese-American customs officer, masquerading as a prospective buyer, nailed down a young refugee named Paul Yang to whom Chen had entrusted a \$12,000 bronze turtle. Sure enough, the turtle turned up in Yang's safe-deposit box, and last week Yang was slapped into jail.

In Berkeley, Calif., U.S. agents found their next man: a Chinese dealer who in 1959 had brought into the U.S. some 70 art objects, all listed as "personal household goods." Searching the dealer's correspondence, the agents found that he had also served as Chen's U.S. agent. But as a result of a disagreement over the division of spoils, Chen had switched his business to one Frank Caro, director of a long-esteemed gallery on Manhattan's art-lined 57th Street. In Caro's gallery alone, agents picked up \$282,000 worth of illegal Chinese treasures.

In Hong Kong, J. D. Chen denounced this U.S. interference, insisted that every treasure had been brought out of Red China before 1950. In fact, he said, the U.S. was being plain silly in making it so difficult for people to rescue China's treasures from the Communists. The Treasury Department was not impressed, predicted that before it was through it would have rounded up more than \$1,000,000 worth of illegal Chinese art.

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RELIGION

When Is Voting a Sin?

Puerto Rico's Roman Catholic bishops last week moved even more deeply into their continuing church v. state battle, at the same time found themselves at odds with the conscience and conviction of many a good Catholic. Just before the recent elections, Puerto Rico's three bishops denounced Governor Luis Muñoz Marín's Popular Democratic Party for its "anti-Catholic and anti-Christian" toleration of birth control, sterilization and common-law marriage (TIME, Oct. 31), warned that Catholics who voted for P.D.P. would "inevitably" be guilty of sin. Nevertheless, Muñoz won an overwhelming victory at the polls. At all Sunday Masses last week, the pastor of San Juan Cathedral, Father Thomas Maisonet, told parishioners who voted for P.D.P. that they must confess this "sin" before they can receive Communion again. Speaking on his own authority, but evidently with the bishops' backing, Maisonet also said that, to gain absolution, penitents must promise not to support the P.D.P. in the future unless it changes its philosophy.

Legal Right. Reaction to Maisonet's statement and to similar edicts laid down by priests throughout Puerto Rico was violent. Doña Felisa Rincón de Gautier, the P.D.P. mayoress of San Juan, said: "At that moment, I felt that Father Maisonet was more a sinner than myself, for he was denying Communion to many good people who did not in their hearts believe that they had committed a sin." Doña Felisa defiantly announced that she intended to receive Communion without confessing or repenting her vote.

Catholic authorities in the U.S. maintained a discreet silence about the controversy, but privately many felt that the Puerto Rican bishops had gone too far. Legally there was no doubt that the bishops were within their rights. The Vatican generally seemed to support the bishops, recalling that Pope Pius XII had declared it a sin to vote for the Communists in Italy's 1948 election (an edict that the Italian clergy was never able to enforce). Nevertheless there was room for argument and interpretation.

Mortal Bishops. Within the confessional each priest is the ultimate human judge of sins not legally reserved to the bishop or Holy See (e.g., abortion, physical attack on the clergy, etc.). If a penitent is denied absolution by one priest, he may seek out another whose viewpoint is congenial to his. Furthermore, a Puerto Rican Catholic might believe that voting for the P.D.P. was a political matter outside the realm of faith and morals, and considered the bishops' letters merely advisory exhortations. In that case, if the voter has considered carefully and acted in good faith, he can be held sinless in respect to the vote. A top Vatican official explained the fine distinction: "Bishops are mortals and can be mistaken. And if the bishops are wrong in this case, then

the voter in good faith has not sinned by voting, but he has sinned in disobeying his bishop."

For the Puerto Rican clergy, the most serious handicap in enforcing their dictum was the secrecy of the confessional: How would any priest know which Catholics who appeared at the Communion rail had or had not confessed their vote?

His & His

Satirizing the clergy is invariably a risky business, and to avoid trouble, cartoonists seem to have laid down a simple ground rule: clergymen, monks and nuns will be rotund, curious and comic. With-



"... AND STOP CALLING ME DAD!"

in these limitations, only a few artists have managed to poke fun at clerics without being cloyingly cute. One of the best is the *New Statesman's* "Phelix," who in a new book, entitled *Top Sacred*, was delighting Londoners last week with a wry, rueful but gentle look at life on the Inside.

Phelix transfers the commonplaces of everyday life within monastic walls. Towels in the washroom (whose door is marked "Monks") are monogrammed "His" and "His." A sign cautions a priest in the confessional: "Do Not Sound Too Surprised." Monks sulkily scratch on a wall that "Brother Anthony is a Protestant" and complacently wear campaign buttons that proclaim: "I Like God." Others summon up courage to ask their prior: "Please, can Gilbert come out to pray?"

Unlike his cartoon characters, Hugh Burnett, 36, the man behind the pen of Phelix, cannot say that "some of my best friends are monks." A BBC TV producer as well as a cartoonist, Burnett has visited a monastery only once. Explaining his preoccupation with monastic humor, Burnett says: "We all live in various cells, they in theirs, we in ours, and we all try to work out our separate solutions. But there is something odd in the way a man who is isolated looks at things. Are they locked in or are we locked out?"

The Senior Apostle

Rattling off remembered Portuguese phrases and well-remembered American hymns, an ebullient, white-haired apostle of Jesus last week exhorted Mormon converts in Brazil to "know in your hearts that Joseph Smith is the true prophet of God." The speaker's evangelical fervor poured forth naturally: he was Joseph Fielding Smith, 84, grandnephew of the founder, grandson of the prophet's martyred brother Hyrum, son of former Mormon President Joseph F. Smith, and himself senior member of the Council of the Twelve (the group of elders who are the spiritual and administrative leaders of the church). Traveling through southern Brazil on the first leg of an inspection tour of



Mormon missions in five Latin American countries, Smith could be well satisfied with what he saw. Working without pay and under primitive conditions, Brazil's 267 Mormon missionaries have won 30,000 converts, expect to baptize 2,000 more within the next six months, will open a large, modern chapel in bustling São Paulo this winter.

Direct from God. Apostle Smith can well remember when the future of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints was not nearly so promising. His life spans the Mormon Church's transition from a persecuted rebel sect to one of the most dynamic congregations in Christendom. As a boy, Smith's father followed Brigham Young across the plains, traveling in a covered wagon with his mother, widowed when a mob lynched her husband. Growing up near the Great Salt Lake, he had five wives and 42 children; his tenth son was Joseph Fielding Smith, who recalls: "I called my mother 'Mom' and my father's other wives 'Aunt.' They each had their own house and lived separately. The Lord had commanded us to have plural marriages; they were needed because we had lost so many during those marches across the plains."

In Salt Lake City, young Smith learned not only how to plow a field, but also how to fight off an Indian attack. Throughout



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ELDER SMITH IN BRAZIL
Without coffee, a fast worker.

his youth the bustling Mormon community was watched over by federal troops and attacked by Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy. Shortly after Smith's 25th birthday, his father, who was senior apostle in the Council of the Twelve, succeeded to the presidency of the Mormon Church. "It was wonderful, but rather frightening to have him in the house," recalls Smith, "because the president is the only man to get revelations direct from God."

With Smiles & Songs. After the Mormons finally agreed to stop multiple marriages, Utah was admitted into the Union in 1896. Despite the limitations of monogamy, Smith has a sizable Mormon brood: eleven children, 54 grandchildren, eleven great-grandchildren. His third wife, Jessie (the first two died), is a soloist in the famed Mormon Tabernacle Choir. All the family adhere strictly to the Mormon regime of no coffee, tea or alcoholic beverage. One Brazilian jovially complained to Elder Smith last week: "The danger to the world today is not Communism, but Mormonism. You people work fast in our country with smiles and songs. Then you have lots of children, who study and get ahead of our kids. Then you get yourselves elected to government positions and boom! you pass a law banning coffee and Brazil falls flat on her face."

Apostle Smith is next in line for the presidency of the church, now held by David O. McKay, 87, by virtue of his seniority in the Council of the Twelve. Cracks Smith: "Think of all the Mormons who have to die before a man gets to be president." A fiery doctrinarian, he has written a dozen books on Mormon dogma. Preaching in Brazil last week, Elder Smith well knew that, like his father and great-uncle, he may soon be called to the post in which, as Prophet of his church, he would communicate directly with the Lord.



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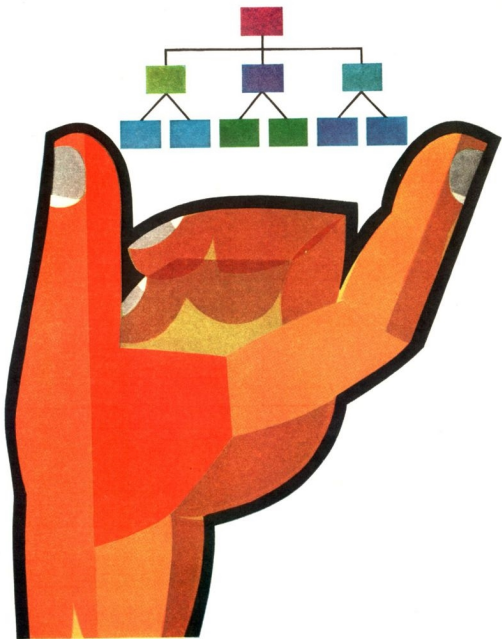
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EDUCATION

Writer with a Talent

At Stanford University in 1958, one top applicant for a \$2,500 Wallace E. Stegner creative writing fellowship was moody Mitchell J. Strucinski, 35, author of two poignant short stories in the *Atlantic*. Professor Stegner himself was much impressed. Only one thing gave him pause: Author Strucinski was in Washington State's McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary, finishing a five-year term for mail theft and forgery. Stilling its doubts, Stanford took Strucinski, who came highly recommended not only by an *Atlantic*



The San Francisco Examiner
STUDENT STRUCINSKI
A haunted library.

editor but also by the warden at McNeil. Last week, when police arrested Strucinski for the tenth time in his life, Stanford realized that the opportunity it gave Student Strucinski had indeed broadened his talents—but not for writing.

Son of poor Polish immigrants, Strucinski quit high school to work for Chicago meat packers, at 17 was convicted of burglary in Wisconsin and later for larceny in North Carolina. During World War II, while serving in the merchant marine, he was befriended by a literary-minded ship's officer who encouraged him to write. But when the war was over, Strucinski drifted back to crime, and for ten years was continually in trouble, for everything from mail theft to carrying a concealed weapon.

On Stanford's prestigious premises, Strucinski put all that behind him. He affected a pipe and married a pretty English major. He worked hard, developed a particular interest in the Stanford library. Even after finishing his fellowship last year, with warm praise from Professor Stegner, Strucinski haunted the library.

Last month San Francisco's former

Mayor Elmer Robinson was idly thumbing through a catalogue of Manhattan's Carnegie Book Shop. A noted bibliophile, Robinson was shocked to see on sale a 1916 letter from President Woodrow Wilson—a letter that Robinson last saw when he donated it to Stanford as part of an \$8,000 collection of 43 historical documents. Robinson promptly called library officials. All the documents were gone, along with another batch of presidential autographs, from Washington to Hoover.

Questioned by FBI agents, Strucinski denied the theft and disappeared. A few days later, 47 library books turned up in a supermarket trash can and a county dump. Then Strucinski gave himself up at FBI headquarters, was arrested for interstate commerce in stolen documents. Last week, out on bail, he was arrested twice for burglary. Said Stanford's crestfallen Professor Stegner: "He was a talented boy. He earned his fellowship honestly." If convicted, Student Strucinski faces a fellowship of up to ten years in federal prison.

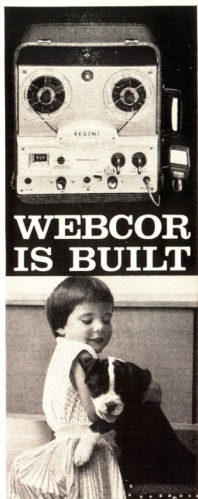
Brookings the Broker

"A man can no longer operate on what he learned in college. Ours is a fluid society in which men move into positions of responsibility requiring training not previously received. Educational gaps become apparent at an age when a return to the classroom is no longer feasible." So says Robert Calkins, president of Washington, D.C.'s famed Brookings Institution, whose business it is to fill in the educational gaps of big men in the U.S. Government.

Last week Brookings, acting in its role as "broker in ideas and men," dedicated a new \$3,900,000 Center for Advanced Study to bring together scholars, officials, politicians, businessmen and journalists—all of them sorely in need of a chance to see the forest for the trees. Under a plan costing \$13 million in all, Brookings aims to create Washington's first real Delphi—a place for probing the hidden patterns of modern society and assuring the "intellectual preparedness" of key Americans.

Troubled Tycoon. Brookings has "given thought to coming events" ever since it was founded 34 years ago by Robert Somers Brookings, a patriarchal St. Louis woodenware millionaire. Around the turn of the century he was among those troubled tycoons who tired of avarice and yearned for service. He was 46, unmarried, uneducated and worth some \$6,000,000. Quitting business, Brookings gave the rest of his life to educating himself and others; he married for the first time at 77, died at 82.

After revitalizing St. Louis' Washington University, Brookings served as Woodrow Wilson's price chief in World War I, and was appalled at the lack of trained people in Washington. In 1919 he went to work for the Institute for Government Research, later helped found the Institute of Economics and began a graduate school

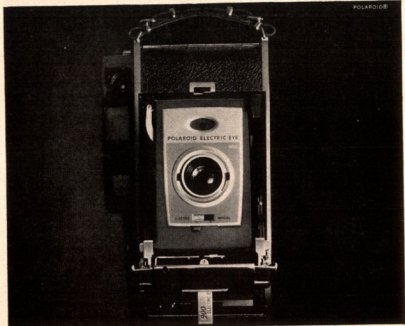


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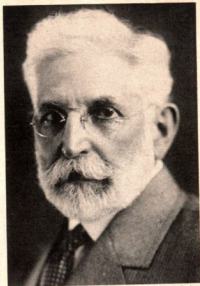
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Haris & Ewing

PHILANTHROPIST BROOKINGS
An American Delphi.

to train men for public service. In 1927 he merged all three organizations as the Brookings Institution, envisioned it as a supergraduate "capstone to the educational arch of the country."

Passionately Objective. Brookings was never quiet that under its scholarly first president, Harold G. Moulton. It granted only 74 doctorates before dropping the program in 1936. But its economic research had a profound effect on national policy under both Democratic and Republican administrations. Brookings experts clarified and defined nearly every function of Government, from Indian affairs to forest control. Later they deflated many New Deal ideas, notably the theory that only pump-priming could make the economy grow. During World War II, Brookings went into everything from manpower allocation to postwar reconversion. In 1947, when Congress scrapped on foreign aid proposals, Brookings settled the fight with a plan that became the basic charter of ECA.

Since 1952 Brookings has broadened its scope under able President Calkins, 57, onetime dean of Columbia University's School of Business. Passionately devoted to objectivity, its staffers tackle anything—tariff reduction, the Federal Reserve or U.N. organization. The main product: books on any problem of "broad public interest," all of them the last word on a subject. With U.S. problems mounting, Brookings is now producing at least a dozen hefty volumes a year. In the works are books on everything from higher education to the 1960 election.

Filling Gaps. President Calkins' new plans include more research, periodic foreign policy analyses and even a regular journal of public affairs. But his biggest effort for Brookings is the education of responsible men.

Finding the Government "very slow" to recognize the problem, Calkins in 1957

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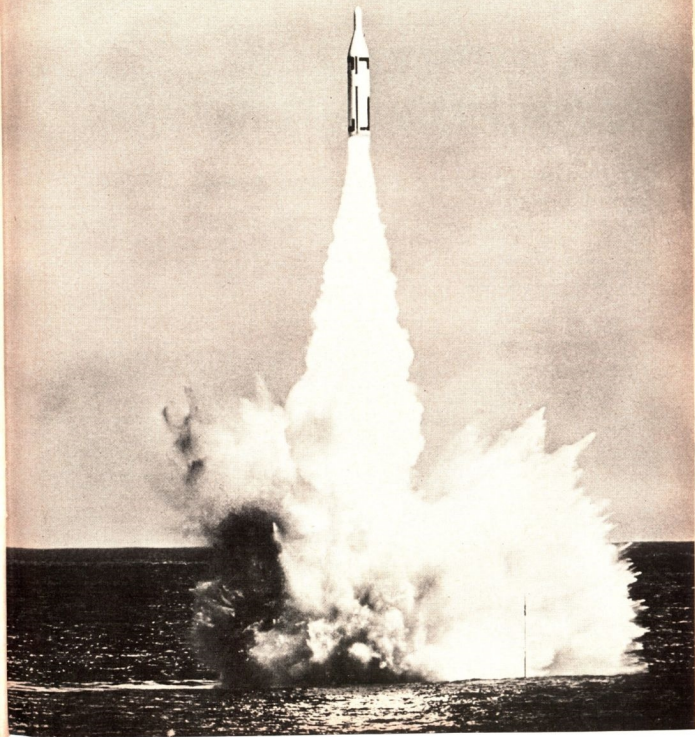
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been hauling federal executives (assistant secretary level) off to quiet, colonial Williamsburg for several weeks at a time. They spent long days discussing leadership, science and democracy, reading books by Sociologist David Riesman and Philosopher Alfred North Whitehead, listening to lectures by such old Washington hands as former Secretary of State Dean Acheson. Asked what good it did him, one official replied: "It's like asking what good it did to read *War and Peace*." Another glowed over his "first chance to see the entirety of Government," said that his new view of a rival agency "managed to end a 20 years' war."

Year-Long Dialogue. Brookings then gave 550 junior federal executives the same treatment, was so successful that this year the Civil Service Commission took over the program. This month Brookings began another series of seminars for "middle management" officials, is applying the same scheme to urban leaders in Cincinnati and Baltimore. One byproduct is more books; e.g., the transcripts of two hair-down sessions by Congressmen and corporation lobbyists on how they do their jobs.

To mix men and ideas even more, Brookings is particularly interested in bringing sheltered sociologists to Washington, where many of them confront "actual problems" for the first time. From business and labor, it will soon also recruit able young prospects for federal jobs, give them six months in Government to see how they like it. At its striking new eight-story center on Massachusetts Avenue, Brookings plans a year-long dialogue involving everyone from the Boy Scouts to the President's National Goals Commission. Whatever the outcome, it seems likely that Founder Brookings would have applauded the big ambitions of his unique little institution.

Second Chance for Women

Though women control the nation's men and money, good feminine minds seem to be going to seed in P.T.A. suburbia. Last week peppery President Mary Bunting of Radcliffe College—herself a noted microbiologist and mother of four—announced a unique chance for "intellectually displaced" women. Called the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Study, it is aimed at women who abandoned academic careers to raise families.

The institute will recruit up to 20 women with Ph.D.s and specific projects, call them "Associate Scholars," and pay them \$3,000 a year to flex their minds amid Radcliffe's (and Harvard's) libraries and mostly male professors. Another group of "Resident Fellows," e.g., teachers on sabbatical, will get less pay but the same privileges.

Then what happens? Mrs. Bunting hopes that their projects—books, musical scores, paintings, scientific papers—will get them known to schools, colleges and businesses looking for bright people. She also sees a fringe benefit: the edifying impact on Radcliffe girls of older women who value the mind as much as marriage.



"This is Lowell Thomas, bringing you news of America growing.

Perhaps you have heard that our population is increasing at the rate of one person every 11 seconds. When you see babies like these in a hospital nursery, you see one of the biggest reasons for America's growth. And these people will need food, and clothing, and housing, and education, and hundreds of other necessities and luxuries. On these three pages, I'll show you some of the things that America is doing to grow and stay strong. Read the stories and you'll agree that America is indeed going like '60!'"



From Savannah to Savannah. The SS "Savannah" was the first ship using steam to cross the Atlantic. When she approached the coast of England in 1819 on her maiden voyage, the British, startled to see that she wasn't using her sails, fired shots across her bow to stop her. *Today's* N. S. "Savannah," launched in July, 1959, is our first nuclear-powered surface ship. She can cruise three years without refueling (compared to 89 hours for the original Savannah which used sails most of the time) and the new ship displaces 22,000 tons, compared to 320 tons for the old Savannah.

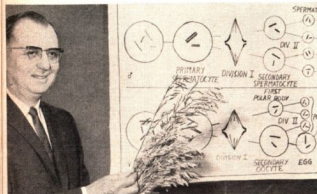
Hold it—here comes another road. We're building roads at such a clip that even the map makers can't keep up. Al Severy here, works for Rand McNally in San Francisco. He says that they often stop the presses for last minute changes, but *every* new map is slightly outdated before it's off the printing presses. Roads are so urgently needed that America is going to spend \$5 million for new highways and bridges this year.



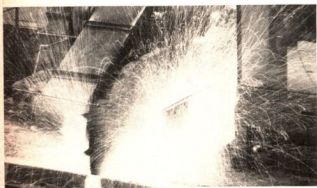
United States Steel



Student boom starts building boom. Here at Kent, State in Ohio, they're right in the middle of a \$21.7 million building program to handle the growing flood of new students who are anxious to learn and make a better place for themselves in the growing America of tomorrow. Nationally, colleges will spend about \$1 billion for construction this year; and in the next ten years, they expect to spend an additional \$9 to \$15 billion.



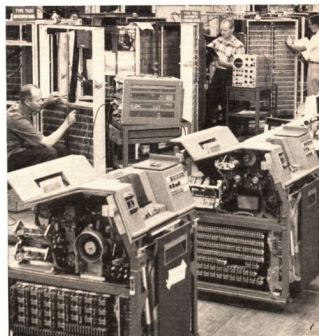
He grows farmers. Surely you've noticed that the foods you buy are fresher, bigger, and better-tasting than ever before. One reason is that farming is now a science that can be taught — by men like E. F. Frolik, Dean of the School of Agriculture at the University of Nebraska. Dean Frolik says that his growing number of agricultural students will produce about 50% more food than the farmer of a generation ago—aided by better farming methods and farm machinery.



Twenty for one. It took more than 20 contracting companies three years to build U. S. Steel's new structural mill which replaces older mills at the South Works in Chicago. One of the most dramatic things in the mill is this giant "hot saw" that slices through steel beams as though they were butter. United States Steel alone has spent \$588 million in the past 18 months for modernization and replacement, and they've authorized an additional \$675 million for the near future.



Calling all galaxies. This radio telescope will be used to detect radio waves from celestial bodies billions of light years away. The U. S. Navy will operate it with a 500-man crew to uncover new secrets about our mysterious universe. United States Steel is building the telescope in West Virginia from 20,000 tons of special USS high-strength steel. The "bowl" is 600 feet in diameter . . . big enough to hold Yankee Stadium . . . and, for the present at any rate, will be the world's largest telescope.



They figure to grow. These computers on IBM's assembly line in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., will soon be at work to speed up research and paper work for hundreds of American businesses. Almost overnight the computer industry has grown to an annual \$1.5 billion business. You can see the new importance of this industry in the "help wanted" columns as industry searches for the trained technicians to operate their timesaving, moneysaving computers.



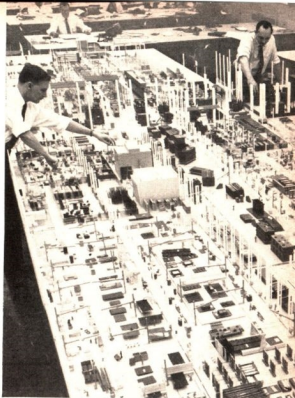
Trailers play "piggy-back." Transportation men use the word "piggy-back" to describe the new method of hauling loaded truck trailers long distances on railroad flatcars. When they arrive, a truck driver drives them off the car and to the loading dock. These Illinois Central piggy-backs are part of a 100% increase in this type of freight this year for the railroad. And, according to Asst. Freight Agent J. R. Peters, that figure is even better than the *national* 40% increase in piggy-back freight. Sometimes the trailers are loaded on barges the same way. They call this "fishy-back!"



"What, me set a record?" No one was more surprised than Walt Rumbo when he was told he had set a record when he bought the 500th Ford Falcon from King Motor Company in Long Beach, California. Mr. Rumbo said, "It's only right that I should set the record . . . I just started in my own business *making* records at the Western Custom Record Pressing Company." Notice that Salesman Vern Kusisto looks properly pleased, too.



Change for a dollar—automatically. This Woodside, Long Island self-service laundry has a machine that takes dollar bills and gives you a dollar's worth of change! It's a natural development of the growth in vending machine business. Americans bought \$2.2 billion worth of merchandise from vending machines last year with 103,125 tons of coins.



Biggest in the world. When Westinghouse finishes the full-scale version of this "model plant" they're building near Muncie, Indiana, they'll build the biggest electric power transformer in the world. The transformer will weigh half a million pounds, and will be big enough to handle the power needs of a city the size of Pittsburgh, Pa., with 700,000 people. Hundreds of workers are now building this new transformer plant that will turn out transformers to meet the rapidly growing electrical needs of our country, which have doubled every 10 years.

The ready availability of today's superior steels is one reason for the nation's productive power. For most applications, steel is the most economical building material available in mass quantities known to man, and it is the most versatile.

There is scarcely a single product or development named in these paragraphs that doesn't owe its growth, in part at least, to steel.



United States Steel

325 William Penn Place

Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Holding Power

If the U.S. economy last week showed few signs of steady advance, it also demonstrated the sturdy holding power that has resisted any sharp slide. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production, which many economists feared might dip noticeably in October, stayed just about steady at 107, the same as September, but 3% below the average for 1960's first half.

Personal income in October rose to a new record, further building up a force that eventually may give the economy the energy it needs to leap ahead. Department-store sales for the last week climbed to their highest level in 1960, though still running 2% behind last year. Most businessmen are hopefully predicting the best Christmas sales in history. Even housing construction, which had been sliding, surprisingly turned around against seasonal trends and rose 15% in October.

Losing Glamour. The most active area of the economy remained car sales, which ended a record October and pushed ahead to establish yet another record in the number of cars sold per day in the first ten days in November—6.4% ahead of the same period in record 1955. But the signs were growing that the hot-selling compacts may be losing some of their glamour; despite the addition of four new brand names, they seemed stalled at 29.2% of the market. Ford's compacts, which had been accounting for 41% of company sales last June, were down to 35.7% in November's first ten days. Compacts represented 16% of General Motors' sales, 28% of Chrysler's.



CHASE MANHATTAN'S CHAMPION
More resilient than expected.

Despite the fast sales, the industry had one big worry—a backlog of 913,807 cars in early November, a record for the date and a hike of 58,130 units from the month before. Chrysler, which has had more than its share of the backlog despite improved sales, this week plans to shut down three plants for a week for “an adjustment of field inventories.” Chrysler also suffered a casualty in the decline of the medium-priced car; it announced that the DeSoto, in production for 32 years, would be discontinued this month because of steadily shrinking sales (less than 3,000 1961 DeSotos have been built).

Upturn in '61. Looking over the economy's resiliency in the face of sluggish business, the Commerce Department's chief statistician, Louis Paradiso, predicted that the business slowdown will end and a fresh upturn will begin after mid-1961. “I don't think it's at all clear at the moment that we are headed for any serious downturn,” said Paradiso. Paradiso's views were echoed by George Champion, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, who will take over as chairman Jan. 1. He sees the U.S. economy undergoing a “mild readjustment” that should be over by the middle of 1961. Said he: “We can't go along spending more than \$12 billion a year for new products and processes, as the economy has been doing, and not need new buildings and machinery.”

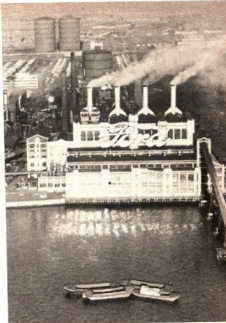
One key to what 1961 may hold is business planning for new plant and equipment. Last week a nationwide survey by the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. revealed that business now plans to spend \$35.1 billion for new plant and equipment next year. That would be 3% less than this year, but the drop was so small that it stilled economists' fears that business might drastically curtail its spending—and it left a very narrow gap that could easily be bridged if business turns up.

AUTOS

Ford Furor

To the Ford Motor Co. it looked like a simple business deal: Ford wanted to buy complete control of its British subsidiary by paying about \$20.50 per share for a stock that was selling in London for \$12.88 per share. But as the stock price soared nearly \$7 on the news last week, British tempers soared even higher. “Kill this sellout. Britain's economic independence is at stake,” screamed Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*. Intoned the *Daily Express*: “The British Empire comes before the Ford empire.” The *Financial Times* warned soberly that since British Vauxhall is already wholly owned by General Motors, the Ford move would put half the British auto industry in U.S. hands.

Expensive Advantages. Ford Chairman Henry Ford explained that the U.S. company wanted absolute control of the British company, in which it already owns 54.6% of the stock, to give “greater op-



Associated Press
FORD'S DAGENHAM PLANT
Not so simple as it looked.

erational flexibility and enable us better to coordinate our European and American operations.” Ford owns 90% of Ford of Germany, recently increased holdings in Ford of Canada to 75%. U.S. automen figure that overseas markets will grow faster than the U.S. market, since there is now only one car for every 32 persons in the world to one car for every three people in the U.S. With full ownership Ford would be able to move faster in the competitive race, coordinating the operations of its world network of plants without worrying about possible objections from local minority stockholders. In addition, it would no longer have to put out an annual report, opening itself to complaints from local politicians about profits—a problem G.M. faced in Australia before it bought all of its subsidiary's stock.

Though Ford is willing to lay out \$363 million for these advantages, its offer came at a bad time for British morale. Their auto industry's lucrative export business to the U.S. has been sharply cut by U.S. compacts. British Motors was forced to put 70,000 on short work weeks; Standard-Triumph had to dismiss 1,700 of its 8,000 workers; British Ford slashed overtime for 30,000. Pleas to the government to spur domestic sales by easing tight credit restrictions have been turned down by Chancellor of the Exchequer Selwyn Lloyd, who ruled that any encouragement of domestic sales would reduce the incentives to boost exports, which the British economy so desperately needs to maintain a favorable balance of trade.

\$113 Million Windfall. Lloyd, who must approve the Ford offer before it can proceed, was attacked in Parliament by Laborites who argue “that if the deal goes through there is a real danger that British production and employment will be sacrificed to Detroit and to West Germany.” Lloyd's concern is just the opposite: if the government does not approve the Ford of-

fer, the company might concentrate its expansion in its wholly owned German subsidiary, leaving the British out.

At week's end it looked as if government approval would be forthcoming. British investors had a windfall of more than \$113 million on their stock.

FASHION

Who Wears the Pants?

"Be alive, be alert, be aware/Be a girl, be so glad you can wear/All the plain and fancy pants/When you're given a chance." So rhapsodized *Pants International* last week in Los Angeles at a showings of California designs for 78 fashion editors from all over the U.S. Indeed, pants plain and fancy were being worn everywhere. The newest pants, stretch-pants adapted from European ski suits for the beach and living room, are so tight they have stretched the word slacks out of shape. One designer even labeled his stretch-pants creation "Scuba Reeds," so close are they to the rubber suit worn by skindivers.

Generous, tailored or tight, slacks are the fastest growing item in milady's wardrobe across the U.S., with 30 million pairs sold last year v. only 6,000,000 a decade ago. The pants boom has brought a revival of the culotte—pants cut to hang like skirts—to the point where designers are now making culottes in all sizes and fabrics, including culotte Bermudas and knee-length chifon hostess models. So popular have dressy slacks become for evening entertaining that women guests are often trapped by a kind of fashion one-upmanship: they wear dressy frocks and high heels for dinner parties, may be greeted by a hostess enviably svelte and comfortable in velveteen or brocade slacks and a beaded sweater.

TIME CLOCK

GOOD WEATHER INC. will offer tourists the first insurance against rain on European tours. Introduced by Scandinavian Airlines, each day of the 16-day tour is divided into three six-hour segments. The first eight rainy periods are deductible, but after that a policyholder collects \$5 for every period in which it rains.

FIRST INSURED TUITION plan for college students will be offered by Prudential and 45 banks. A father can buy a policy while his child is in grade school. If he or his child dies, double indemnity is paid on the face value of the policy. Otherwise the parent receives money to cover the first two years' tuition and an insured loan to cover most of his last two years' expenses.

SUBSONIC JET PLANE will be developed by the Air Force to transport troops and cargo anywhere in the world. The plane, for which Congress approved \$50 million for design studies, will be designated the

SOR-182 and replace the Military Air Transport Service's aging prop-driven C-124.

FAMILY-CAR MARKET will be invaded next year by International Harvester. It will spruce up its Travel-All combination station wagon-delivery truck into a stylish suburbanite station wagon, and will introduce a new Jeep-type, four-cylinder camping wagon.

URANIUM PRODUCTION will be stepped up in fiscal 1961 to 18,000 tons from 16,600 tons in fiscal 1960. The Atomic Energy Commission has contracted for 95,337 tons through 1966 from 27 private suppliers at a cost of \$1,552,800,000.

STEEL SLUMP will soon force 25% cut in the jobless benefits corporations pay to laid-off workers. Reason: corporate funds have been drained to critical point. Since funds started three years ago, \$132 million has been paid out.

OIL

The Big Split

It was the biggest corporate split-up in the history of trustbusting, topping even the historic dismemberment of the old \$660 million Standard Oil Co. in 1911. Standard-Vacuum Oil Co., an \$855 million oil-marketing combine with 37,000 employees in 50 countries and sales last year of \$1 billion, will be divided between its joint owners, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) and Socony Mobil Oil Corp. The decision was embodied in a partial settlement last week of a long, controversial

suit filed by the Justice Department against five of the biggest U.S. oil companies: Jersey Standard, Socony Mobil, Standard Oil Co. of California, Texaco Inc. and Gulf Oil Corp.

Originally filed as a criminal action by the Truman Administration in 1952, the suit charged the five with conspiring with Royal Dutch Petroleum Co. and British Petroleum Co. Ltd. to fix free-world oil prices and control world oil production. The Eisenhower Administration toned down the suit to a civil one in 1953, and the Justice Department spent seven years re-examining the merits of its case, which



GOLD SILK



CHIFFON CULOTTE

The word was stretched out of shape.



STRETCH SUIT

Associated Press



HOSTESS WEAR

Ben Martin

even the trustbusters knew was none too strong. Last week two of the defendants, Jersey Standard and Gulf, while not admitting any guilt, signed consent decrees promising not to enter into any cartel deals for the next 25 years. Although the suit continues against Socony Mobil and the other two companies, Socony went along with Jersey Standard's terms for breaking up Standard-Vacuum.

Mutual Vacuum. Standard-Vacuum was set up chiefly as a marketing company in 1933 when Socony was overloaded with facilities for selling oil but short on reserves, and Jersey Standard had plenty of oil but not enough outlets. Over the years Stanvac developed oil production of its own, now has well capacity of 84,000 bbl. a day and refinery capacity of 293,000 bbl. a day. Last week's decree

does not affect production and refining facilities, which may still be jointly owned, but only Stanvac's marketing operations. These will be divided between the parent companies, and both oil firms last week joined the Justice Department in hailing the decision to break up Stanvac. It will increase both companies' competitive opportunities in the so-called underdeveloped areas of the world, give

THE DEPRESSED-AREA PROBLEM

The Cure Must Begin at Home

THE weather was dreary and drizzling one morning last week as 500 people filed into the silent Ackermann plant of the Wheeling Steel Corp. in Wheeling, W. Va. The men were not workers arriving for the morning shift but guests at a funeral. They came to bid at an auction to liquidate the plant. In 18 hours of bidding, they bought \$5,000,000 worth of idle equipment that once had hummed busily under the hands of 1,200 workers. To Wheeling, the auctioneer's machine-gun chant was an old familiar dirge; for years, thousands of its skilled workmen have looked on helplessly as, one after another, the gates of its plants have closed for good. Once-thriving Wheeling is a prime example of an urgent problem: the depressed area.

By Government reckoning, a depressed area is one in which at least 6% of the workers are unemployed and the total has run at least 50% above the national average for four of the last five years. The U.S. has 10 major depressed areas and dozens of minor ones scattered from Washington to Maine, most of them concentrated in the industrial East. They account for more than half a million unemployed workers for whom recession is a year-round, inescapable fact even when the nation's economy is booming. Both parties introduced bills to aid depressed areas in the last Congress, but squabbled them to death. The cost was comparatively small: \$180 million for the Administration bill v. \$251 million for the Democratic bill. Now President-elect John F. Kennedy has put a depressed-areas bill at the top of his list of must legislation.

The nation's pockets of economic blight are caused by the fact that industries that once provided the major payrolls have either left the area, collapsed or severely cut back their work force under the stress of technological change or competition from more efficient plants elsewhere. The textile industry has moved out of New England for the South's lower wages. In Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky, automation in the coal mines and a national shift from coal to oil and gas have thrown thousands out of work. Modernization of the steel industry, abetted by a slump in steel sales is pushing Youngstown and Pittsburgh toward the depressed category.

Most depressed areas are not economic skeletons incapable of revival; they need only saving infusions of new industry. While they deserve a helping hand from the Government, chiefly in the form of loans and grants to encourage new plant building and new public facilities, it is a fact that Government help can do little good unless depressed areas first go to work to cure their own problems. Many have already arrested the decline, even made healthy comebacks by aggressively working to attract industry, but others are so badly depressed that they lack even the "seed money" to make a fresh start.

Pennsylvania has set up the strongest program to aid local communities in their battle for survival. With about a fourth of all U.S. depressed areas within its borders, the state five years ago launched an industrial development program. Its heart was a \$20 million revolving fund authorized to make loans to nonprofit development agencies for

the construction of new plants in distressed areas. Result: the plan has attracted 389 plants (including Radio Corp. of America, Fruehauf Trailer and Chrysler Corp.) providing 106,000 factory jobs, encouraged the expansion of 700 existing firms, put to work 391 idle plants.

At the city level, Scranton has come up with one of the most imaginative programs. Hit by a cut in mining workers from 17,019 in 1940 to about 2,200 this year, Scranton set out to attract new employers by offering to build them a modern factory to meet their specifications. The city paid for all construction, charged the company only rent. The plan was first financed by the sale of municipal bonds, but the public has chipped in willingly with outright donations to keep the fund going. About 30 community-financed plants have been built at a cost of nearly \$20 million, providing jobs for more than 10,000 people. One secret of the plan's success: low wage rates, which 81% of the new industries admitted were what made the area attractive to them.

Many plants have closed up or moved away from depressed areas largely because area workers cling to high wage rates out of line with other regions. But as their savings melt away, workers have lowered their sights. The loss of the Ackermann plant so upset Wheeling workers that a jobless steelworker, Thomas Elliott, set up a "save-a-plant" movement, signed up more than 700 unemployed workers who are willing to take much lower wages.

Industrial development agencies have found that one of the most valuable investments they can make is a complete survey of a depressed area's facilities and natural resources. A geological survey of the area around Freedom, Ind. turned up the presence of gypsum; it took little urging to persuade a gypsum mine and mill to locate in the area. More and more depressed communities are setting up training programs to re-educate workers for new jobs. Pennsylvania spends \$500,000 a year retraining unemployed workers. Though it costs about \$140 to train one worker over a course of several weeks, the state figures that it easily gets that back in taxes within a year.

Instead of concentrating solely on industrial plants, many communities now realize that their biggest hope is to create or attract more service industries. Pennsylvania's service industry employment has steadily increased, jumped from 79,000 in 1950 to 103,000 this year. By attracting enough factories to employ 10,000 people, Scranton figured that it created 17,000 additional jobs in the service industries, retail businesses and professions. One reason: an average of three people leave the relief rolls for every new job created, thus increasing the market for services.

By working in partnership with the state, local businesses and—most important—with the workers themselves, local communities can do at least as much as Lawrence, Mass., which, by careful planning and aggressive selling of its assets, has cut its unemployed from 25,000 to 4,500 since most of its textile mills left. All the areas that have worked on curing their own problems agree on one basic fact: Government aid, if it is forthcoming, will not work without the will of a city to revitalize itself.

them greater individual flexibility in countering Soviet oil competitive thrusts.

Jersey Standard will take over Stanvac's assets in India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Southeast Asia, South Korea, Malagasy and East Africa. Socony Mobil will get the bulk of the assets in the rest of Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, Aden, Formosa and much of the Southwest Pacific. The two companies will retain joint ownership of Stanvac's rich Indonesian wells and split the oil business in Japan and the Philippines.

Shortage Insurance. In its separate consent decree, Gulf agreed to set aside 100,000 bbl. of oil per day for ten years from its production in Kuwait for sale to independent oil companies. Gulf has always sold to independents, and the Government's requirement is really only an insurance policy for the independents should an oil shortage arise.

Most oilmen feel that Texaco and California Standard will not be long in making their peace with the Government. The fact is that the Government has moved far from its original 1952 position. The Jersey Standard and Gulf decisions explicitly recognize that the realities of the oil world require two standards: what may be monopoly at home is sometimes a necessity abroad, required by foreign law or even the exigencies of U.S. defense policy. When the Iranian government seized the oil industry in 1951, there was a real danger that other Middle Eastern nations might follow suit. The Defense Department got the Justice Department to grant U.S. companies a special exemption from antitrust action so that they could set up a joint "disaster-plan" cartel to combat the threat.

The new decrees reassert the rights of the oil companies "without limitation" to combine for defense purposes, and specifically promise that the companies can combine to do business wherever legally necessary in a foreign country.

CORPORATIONS

Soup the Breadwinner

When Connecticut Housewife Maggie Rudkin started baking her homemade bread for sale to her neighbors in 1937, she used stone-ground flour and only the best ingredients, rightly thought she ought to get a fancy price for it. She did. By this year her Pepperidge Farm bread had grown into a \$32 million business, and when Campbell Soup wanted to buy it, once again she thought she ought to get a good price. She did. Last week Campbell announced that it would exchange 357,413 shares of its common stock, worth some \$28,200,000 for the outstanding stock of Pepperidge Farm Inc., owned by Margaret Rudkin, her family and a few friends. For Campbell, with profits last year of \$40 million, and Pepperidge with profits of \$1,300,000, it was the marriage* of two

* Following a courtship that began six months ago after Campbell Soup got its first good look at Pepperidge Farm in *TIME*, March 21—and liked what it saw.

LIONEL MODEL TRAINS



KEEP ROLLING



WITH HELP OF



THE BRUNING MAN



AND COPYFLEX COPYING

Replacement parts for Lionel model trains now go faster, and with much less clerical paperwork, to the 850 Lionel Service Outlets through the help of a Bruning Man and Copyflex copying.

With Copyflex, order data is entered in pencil or ink on preprinted translucent forms at service outlets. These are sent to Lionel's factory at Hillsdale, N.J., where all subsequent shipping copies, shipping labels, out-of-country manifests, and internal copies are mechanically reproduced by Copyflex directly from the original forms. Order numbers, discount ratings, price extensions, and other data is entered as necessary directly on original forms. Copyflex has eliminated a clerical transcription bottleneck, reduced the use of several forms to one, put an end to hard-to-read multiple carbon copies.

BRUNING
Copyflex®

A. (Abe) Kagan (left), Lionel's Service Director, and Jack Hawkins, of Bruning's Teletboro, N.J. office, have worked together to eliminate a paperwork bottleneck for the Lionel Corporation, world's leading manufacturer of model trains. Like Lionel, you'll find a Bruning Man near you to give you the help you need when you need it! Bruning Men are located in principal U.S. and Canadian cities. Home office: Charles Bruning Co., Inc., Mt. Prospect, Illinois.



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Name _____

Address _____

Broker, if any _____

of the most respected U.S. food makers.

Campbell will take over Maggie Rudkin's stuffing, cookies, brown-and-serve rolls, and frozen pastries. Campbell's President William B. Murphy announced that Pepperidge will continue to make its famed bread, operating as a separate company. For Pepperidge, whose products are known mostly east of the Mississippi, the marriage will open new markets through Campbell's vast outlets. "We'll be able to get more fresh bread to more people more quickly," explained Pepperidge's President Rudkin. Said Murphy happily: "Pepperidge is truly a growth company with a very rosy future."

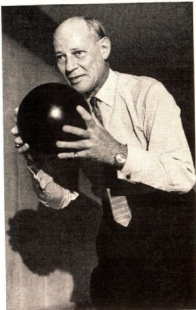
How to Bowl a Strike

Bowling, which has been regarded by big-city sophisticates as a small-town or suburban sport, invaded Manhattan last week with a bang. The Grand Central Bowl Co. announced it will build a \$3,000,000 bowling center at Grand Central Terminal in the airspace over the 42nd Street waiting room.

As expected, the equipment for the new center will be supplied by Chicago's Brunswick Corp. But Brunswick's boss is a man who believes bowling is not everything. Since Benjamin E. ("Ted") Bensingier took over in 1954, he has turned what was a faltering firm producing only bowling and billiard equipment into one of the fastest-growing U.S. companies—with a line of products ranging from hospital beds to motorboats. Sales have risen from \$33 million to \$275 million last year; earnings from \$692,000 to \$26.8 million. Sales for 1960 are expected to exceed \$350 million. Reflecting the rise, Brunswick's stock has increased in value 27-fold.

Awkward Period. Ted Bensingier, a great-grandson of the founder of the company (formerly called Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.), was company president and second-in-command to his elder brother Bob, the chairman, when he became worried about Brunswick's almost total dependence on its bowling business. In the early 1950s he pushed through a small diversification program, turning out aircraft components and school furniture. But before he could do more, his worst fears came true. American Machine & Foundry Co. invaded the bowling market with its automatic Pinspotter, which eliminated pin boys—and started bowling on its boom. To exploit its headhead, A.M.F. also brought out a full line of bowling equipment and threatened to force Brunswick out of the market. Ted decided that his brother was not using the right tactics to fight the threat. Says Ted: "I went to him and convinced him that I should take over." After a brief period of "awkwardness," Ted became chief executive officer, and Bob agreed to stay on as chairman.

Ted Bensingier went to work to develop an automatic pin setter of his own. Brunswick had experimented for years with automatic pin setters, but decided they were too expensive to produce—until A.M.F. proved this judgment wrong. So Bensingier organized a crash program, in 18 months put Brunswick's machine on the market.



Art Shay

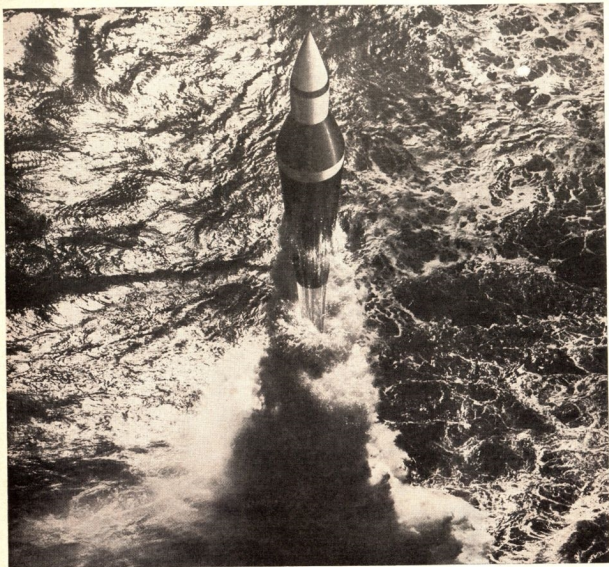
BRUNSWICK'S BENSINGER
Wine with Picasso, golf with Snead.

As the new pin setter caught on, Brunswick's stock began to climb, and Bensingier found it easy to trade the stock for new companies. He took over nine firms, including St. Louis's A. S. Aloe Co., the nation's second largest distributor of laboratory and hospital supplies (first: American Hospital Supply Corp.), MacGregor Sport Products Inc., and Owens Yacht Co., the second biggest U.S. builder of cabin cruisers, behind Chris-Craft. With the new companies, the bowling division's share of the company's total sales has dropped from 75% to about 65% in the past two years. Nor is Bensingier's expansion program complete. He is now studying more than 100 firms for possible acquisition and is busy setting up factories and bowling centers in Europe and Australia.

Bensingier is a hard boss. He has put a vice president over each of Brunswick's six divisions, told them they would get fat bonuses if they did well and would not be around if they did not. Said Bensingier flatly: "I am very demanding. If anyone loafs on his oars, he will have to move over and make room for someone else."

An expert in management, he always thinks there is more to learn. He attends the seminar for chief executives at Colgate University each year, and takes his higher-echelon executives (average age: 43) to out-of-the-way resorts for several days of intensive soul searching, often splits them up into groups for what he calls war games. (The customary enemy: A.M.F.) If a plant lags in production, Bensingier likes to take a hand at running it to see if he can iron out the trouble.

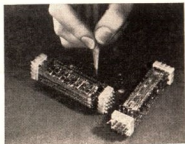
Before the Bulls. Ruddy and trim (6 ft., 170 lbs.), Bensingier likes sports and travel almost as much as his job. He has shot pigeons with Ernest Hemingway in Cuba, sipped wine with Pablo Picasso in Paris, played golf with Sam Snead. An



Tiny Raytheon "Electronic Package" Will Help Polaris Find Its Target

The most advanced version of the Navy's submarine-launched missile, the deadly Polaris, will locate and destroy its target more than 1200 miles away. Chosen to serve a vital role in the Polaris inertial guidance system were Raytheon Weld-Pak miniature circuit modules. With space at a premium, these lightweight, packaged

circuits, based on an M.I.T. Instrumentation Laboratory concept, enable more than 100 components and 300 welds to be packed into each cubic inch. Rugged and ultra-reliable, they are made to endure the shock of launching. Polaris is one of 22 U.S. missiles that rely on Raytheon components and equipment.



Weld-Pak modules, designed and produced by Raytheon, pack more than 100 components and 300 welds into each cubic inch, are exceptionally rugged and reliable.



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(and accrued interest from November 15, 1960)

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November 17, 1960.

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NOT A NEW ISSUE

November 16, 1960

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Price \$31.25 per Share

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aficionado, he has run before the bulls in Pamplona's festival of San Fermin and tried out his cape work against calves on Juan Belmonte's ranch in Spain. He has fished all over the world, once fired into a flight of blue-winged teal and killed eleven with a single shot. He even finds time to bowl occasionally, once rolled a 286 game. On his 33-acre estate in Highland Park, Ill. he has a tennis court, swimming pool and dog kennels. The main feature of a ten-room apartment on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive is his bullfighting room, complete with a mounted bull's head.

All this is not enough. He is now negotiating to buy the fishing rights for a six-mile stretch of the famed Restigouche River in New Brunswick, where he hopes to set up a camp and catch the big Atlantic salmon that course up the stream each year. He can afford it: since Brunswick's stock has been on its steady climb, the 360,976 shares owned by him and his wife are worth over \$25 million.

AVIATION**More on the Electra**

Before a House subcommittee investigating the Lockheed Electra crash in Boston that took 62 lives, Braniff Airways Captain Trooper A. Shaw gave the ill-fated Electra a supreme accolade: "The Electra is the safest and most reliable airplane it has been my privilege to fly." His testimony seemed in direct conflict with the views of his own airline, which only the day before in Dallas had filed a \$2,400,000 suit against Lockheed Aircraft, the Electra's maker, and General Motors, which supplied the plane's Allison turboprop engines, charging that the Electra was "negligently and carelessly planned, designed, manufactured and inspected." The suit was based on the 1959 crash of one of Braniff's Electras near Buffalo, Texas, which was blamed on a structural failure of the wing root—the same failure that knocked another Electra from the sky.

The contradictory attitudes toward the Electra represented the ambiguous position of Braniff—and other airlines—in the face of rising concern about the plane. Egged on by its lawyers, Braniff was trying to collect damages for the crash. At the same time, Braniff was working with Northwest, National and American Airlines to counteract public worry over the plane's safety, sending out "truth squads" of pilots who are sold on the Electra.

The airlines' fear for the Electra got a boost from both the Federal Aviation Agency and the Civil Aeronautics Board last week. Both agreed that the Electra crash in Boston was definitely caused by starlings that choked the plane's engines. As if to underscore their findings, an Eastern Airlines DC-8 jet struck a flock of birds last week as it taxied for a take-off from Boston's Logan International Airport, slammed to a stop on the runway only in the nick of time. Alarmed, Logan authorities established roving bands of shotgun-armed guards who have orders to shoot at birds on sight.



"...never thought about religion that way"

(This man is not alone—there are millions like him)

"...maybe *that's* why some people seem to get a lot more out of religion than I do. They seem to have a kind of inner peace despite this confused world. Somehow, I don't have it...but I *want* it. Maybe I need to know more about religion."

This is how millions feel today. They hunger to *know more*.

This resurgence of interest in religion is a challenge to every man of faith... the alert clergy, the understanding layman... to help them and others better appreciate man's relationship with God. There is an urgent need today for man to better understand and have a deeper knowledge of religion to give him that inner peace he so

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MILESTONES

Born. To Pat Suzuki, 29, tiny (4 ft. 11 in.), brassy-voiced singer who made it big in Broadway's *Flower Drum Song*, and Mark Shaw, 38, fashion photographer; their first child, a son; in New York. Name: Joseph. Weight: 6 lbs. 10 oz.

Married. David Michael Mounbatten, 41, third Marquess of Milford Haven, cousin of England's royal couple and best man at their 1947 wedding, who once sold electric heaters to earn a living; and Janet Mercedes Bryce, 23, Bermuda socialite and ex-fashion model; he for the second time, she for the first; in a London Presbyterian church. Not present: Boyhood Chum Prince Philip and Queen Elizabeth, whose role as the head of the Church of England prevented her attendance at the wedding of a divorced person, but who will send a gift anyway.

Married. Sammy Davis Jr., 34, high-powered, high-strung Negro entertainer; and Swedish-born Cinematress May Britt (real name: Maybritt Wilkens), 24; both for the second time; in Hollywood.

Died. Clark Gable, 59, alltime cinemattraction (lifetime box-office gross: \$100 million), whose leading ladies spanned the era from Jean Harlow to Marilyn Monroe; of a heart attack; in Hollywood (see SHOW BUSINESS).

Died. Upton Close (real name: Josef Washington Hall), 66, retired war correspondent, author and radio commentator, whose obsessive orientalism led to his dismissal from NBC in 1944 because he demanded that U.S. put Asia first on list of wartime targets (rather than Europe); in the collision of his auto with a train; near Guadalajara, Mexico. A prescient analyst of Far East developments in the 1930s, Close predicted Japanese war aims and the rise of Red China. In the 1940s he helped organize reactionary American Action, Inc., bitterly opposed the U.N. ("All this idealism is the bunk").

Died. Fu Tak-iam, 67, who started as a Cantonese doughnut peddler and wound up as the gambling czar of Macao by matching yens for fan-tan, cricket fights (in which trained insects do battle unto death) and *cusek*—a type of roulette played with dice; of a heart attack; in Hong Kong. A strapping (6 ft., 200 lbs.) brigand, Fu was ransomed in 1946 for \$150,000 when captors sent a slice of his right ear to relatives, but seven years later stalled on paying ransom for his kidnapped son until the gang proved their seriousness by slicing the boy's ear.

Died. Paul Faure, 82, former secretary-general of the French Socialist Party, who espoused the then traditional socialist policy of disarmament on the eve of World War II in opposition to Fellow Socialist ex-Premier Léon Blum; of a heart attack; in Paris.

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BOOKS

The Middle Depths

SERMONS AND SODA-WATER (3 vols., totaling 328 pp.)—John O'Hara—Random House (\$5.95).

This collection of three related novellas is John O'Hara's best work in years. The stories remind one strongly of the author's early novels, and not only because the suicide of Julian English, the hero of *Appointment in Samarra*, is an offstage incident in one of them. The prose has the great clarity of all of O'Hara's writing, and an economy of expression that



NOVELIST O'HARA
Camera Press—Pix
Handsome but hefty.

he has seemed afraid to trust in such vast recent novels as *From the Terrace* and *Ten North Frederick*.

Attractive Reticence. In his preface, O'Hara mentions the weight factor in bookselling and hopes that readers will not apply the heft test to his small volumes. He need have no fears; done up in a slipcase, the novellas are not only handsome but hefty, and the publisher is able to ask as much for about 60,000 words of text as he does for 260,000. Regrettably, O'Hara also reports that he is working on his heftiest novel yet (previous record: 897 pages in *From the Terrace*), apparently ignoring the fact that his jumbo works are not as good as his short ones. The outstanding qualities of these stories are matchless dialogue and—since there is much that dialogue cannot express directly—an attractive measure of reticence.

They are narrated by Jim Malloy (who appeared in earlier novels), an O'Hara-like man who has been a reporter and pressagent and who, in middle age, is a successful novelist. In the first volume, *The Girl on the Baggage Truck*, he is a major character, a young publicity man who avoids, mostly by luck, becoming the

pet poodle of an aging actress. Malloy is an observer in the next book, *Imagine Kissing Pete*, concerning an adulterous marriage that worked better than expected. There is a hint in this one of sentimentality, a quality to which the 20th century reacts as the 19th did to sex—with outward shock masking secret delight—and in O'Hara's hands the flavor is pleasant.

The Final Condition. The third story, *We're Friends Again*, is elegiac; Malloy is moved by the death of a meddlesome woman to reflect forbearingly on his own life and that of his acquaintances. At the end of the book, the woman's husband, Malloy's closest friend, tells him that he loved his wife deeply. "On my way home," the narrator relates, looking into the middle depths, "I realized that until then I had not known him at all. It was not a discovery to cause me dismay. What did he know about me? What, really, can any of us know about any of us, and why must we make such a thing of loneliness when it is the final condition of us all?"

As this statement suggests, Novelist O'Hara is not one of those few who can function in the ooze of the soul's floor; he works best at middle depth, and in a story composed mostly of dialogue, that is where he must stay. It is not a bad place for any writer.

The Hero as Saint

THE WHITE STONE (271 pp.)—Carlo Coccioni—Simon & Schuster (\$4.50).

Night is one way of defining day. Steeped in opposites, paradoxes and negations, modern religious fiction tends to define godliness in the same way. In the novels of Kafka, Mauriac and Graham Greene, the hero is conscious not of the presence but the absence of God, not of the nearness but the distance of divine grace, not of the order but the absurdity of God's universe. Obsessively self-abased, the religious hero is a man of little faith, and his heroism is to know it.

Such a hero is *The White Stone* of Don Ardito Piccardi, a priest haunted by the conviction that he no longer believes in God. As a religious novelist, Italian Author Carlo Coccioni, 40, is not quite up to the writing company he wants to keep. But with persistence, he tags manfully after the bigger models and every so often matches their literary stride.

Quest or Quarry? *The White Stone* is a sequel to Coccioni's *Heaven and Earth* (TIME, July 28, 1952), in which Don Ardito grew in power as a preacher while losing his capacity to love his fellow humans. That novel ended with an act of expiation in which the priest persuaded a German officer in World War II to execute him for acts committed by others. The present novel begins by reducing that sacrifice to irony. Perhaps as a symbolic agent for the humbling of Don Ardito's spiritual pride, the German officer stages a mock execution of the priest, complete with firing squad and blank cartridges, before shipping him off to a

prison camp. In that moment Don Ardito suffers a murky but traumatic lapse of faith. Stripped of his calling, as he sees it, the priest no longer says Mass. Ceasing to pray, Don Ardito becomes the quarry of the Hound of Heaven.

What follows is one of those journeys through the circles of hell-on-earth, in which Don Ardito gradually acquires the stigmata of saintliness. This pilgrim's progress is made somewhat confusing by Novelist Coccioni, who chronicles his hero's life solely through scraps of letters, diaries and notebooks. In quest of his own soul, Don Ardito meets a homosexual who reminds him, in perverted fleshly form, of his own once fiery love of God. And he is tempted by a devil



NOVELIST COCCIONI
Jean Marquis
Rapt yet foundering.

named Mr. Page (for pagan) who tells him that God is simply another invention of man's ego.

Loss or Dross? Though Don Ardito shuns his priestly duties, he is periodically seized by religious raptures. In one trance-like transport, he rises a yard into the air and German troops mysteriously call off a military operation. Inevitably, the priest's miracles are less convincing than his miseries. Yet through Don Ardito's occasional wonder-working, Novelist Coccioni compellingly argues his central thesis: that the saint is not a spiritual generator, but a spiritual conductor through whom the current of godliness electrically flows. It is apparent long before novel's end that Don Ardito had never actually faltered in his faith, and that what he had mourned as loss of soul was really the dross of self.

As a nightscape of a religious ordeal, *The White Stone* is emotionally somber but intellectually spirited. Novelist Coccioni has failed to solve the perennial problem with religious heroes—making goodness seem exciting. But he has succeeded in an only slightly less exacting task, making goodness seem godly.

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Above left, The Contemporary Mark 27; right, The Danish Mark 8 (Reverb, AM/FM Radio Optional).

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Mr. Al James

Mystery Writer Al James of St. Petersburg, Florida, owns two Ramblers: a '51 convertible which he has driven 54,000 miles with up-keep costs "breaking down to a penny a mile;"

and a 1960 wagon which has delivered top performance. He writes:

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Safari of a People Watcher

TOURIST IN AFRICA (201 pp.)—Evelyn Waugh—Little, Brown (\$3.75).

"As happier men watch birds, I watch men," confesses Evelyn Waugh, and in this account of two months of African travel early last year, he is as good as his word. His collector's eye for the gaudier human specimens and his ear for the strange sounds they utter are as sharp as ever. As for the prose: in the present sellers' market, no man writes English better.

Fictioneer Outdone. Evelyn Waugh is no newcomer to the chattering kral of African commentary. It is 32 years now since the young, not yet famous writer packed his traps for the Dark Continent. It seemed a pointless excursion at the time, but he was convinced that Europe was entering on a phase of barbarism, at the very moment the African races believed that they were emerging from it. The perception of that parallel lay at the heart of Waugh's satiric genius. His Bright Young People—the Mayfair savages of his English novels—were tribal kin to his jungle primitives.

What Waugh offers in his current jottings of his African jaunt, mainly in Kenya, Tanganyika and the Rhodesias, is really a novelist's notebook, full of swiftly sketched scenes and characters who, not surprisingly, speak like people in Waugh fiction. There are astute little studies of key figures in African history, including Cecil Rhodes, an empire builder for whose financial chicanery and "Anglo-Saxon" racialism Waugh expresses intense distaste, and the tragic Lobengula, last king of the Matabele, for whom he has intense admiration. And there is a truly Waugh-like figure, "Bishop" Homer A. Tomlinson of New York, self-styled "King of the World," whose self-coronation in Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, with the aid of a plastic terrestrial globe, was witnessed by an awed Waugh—the fictioneer outdone by the actually absurd.

Zanier than Azania. As usual, Waugh is his own best character, full of a fascinating collection of human quirks, crochets and quaverings. The most notable and characteristic scene in the book is the one where Tourist Waugh is induced to address a secretarial class at a Tanganyika commercial school on the subject of how to write English. Reports Waugh: "Like a P. G. Wodehouse hero I gazed desperately at the rows of dark, curious faces. 'Well,' I said, 'well, I have spent fifty-four years trying to learn English and I find I still have recourse to the dictionary almost every day. English,' I said, warming a little to my subject, 'is incomparably the richest language in the world. There are two or three quite distinct words to express every concept, and each has a subtle difference of nuance.' This clearly was not quite what was required. Consternation was plainly written on all the faces. . . . 'What Mr. Waugh means,' said the teacher, 'is that English is very simple really. You will not learn all the words.



TRAVELER WAUGH

No man writes better.

You can make your meaning clear if you know a few of them."

Here is the full Waugh personality—a formidable yet anomalous, even ridiculous figure who wishes the reader to understand that he is always misunderstood. What lends special weight and irony to the book is the recollection of some of Waugh's earlier travel memoirs—*They Were Still Dancing* (Haile Selassie's coronation in 1930) and *Waugh in Abyssinia*, followed by two luxuriantly comic novels, *Black Mischief* (1932) and *Scoop* (1938). These books can be read today as textbook diagrams of the means by which Waugh, using the common tactics of a journalist, can lend some life to the dead stuff of experience—and then, turning artist, work the magic trick by which the same material becomes something rich and strange, with a life of its own. Though on this trip Waugh was in Africa at the wrong place and time to observe the goings-on in Leopoldville, he must have been aware, as he wrote his book, that some of the more bizarre shenanigans in *Black Mischief*'s fictional Azanian Empire were being acted out a generation later in real life.

A Child of the Times

CONFESSIONS OF A SPENT YOUTH (434 pp.)—Vance Bourjaily—Dial (\$4.95).

The confessor-hero of Vance Bourjaily's new novel claims no motive of expiation and none of titillation, uplift or complaint. In his coy title, the author makes the point that his hero's youth was not spent well or ill but merely spent. There is also an arch reference in the hero's name, U. S. D. Quincy, to Thomas De Quincey, the English opium eater. These un felicitous japes and one other—a minor character is named Central Park West—are the book's only ventures into vivid writing. For Author Bourjaily, who

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There's time to see all the sights on this "two-week" vacation tour. You stretch time on a tour where everything is planned in advance, including English-speaking guides to meet you wherever you go, point out what to see and do.

Ready to start? Then let's take off!

1st Day—South to Spring. Leave Miami or New York after dinner for a starry night flight across the Caribbean. Arrive in Quito, Ecuador, after breakfast. Although on the Equator, this City of Eternal Spring is cooled by mountain breezes. Your host takes you to the magnificent new Hotel Quito.

2nd Day—Almost 2 Miles Up. Spend your morning roaming delightful Quito. Its white houses with red-tiled roofs nestle in an Andean valley 9,000 feet high. In the afternoon, tour museums and visit San Francisco Church, famed for its altar of gold. Shop for Indian handicrafts that are fun to bring home. Return to your hotel for dinner, dancing... and a visit to the hotel's Casino.



3rd Day—Step Across the Equator. Next morning your host drives you to the Equator Monument—32 miles away through spectacular mountain scenery. Here, where a French expedition pinpointed the location of the Equator in 1735, you stand with one foot in the Northern Hemisphere, and the other in the Southern!



4th to 8th Days—Pizarro's Name Didn't Stick. After a short flight to Lima, Peru, (it's Spring in Lima too, where the seasons are the reverse of ours) you're at the Grand Hotel Bolivar in the City of Kings! That's the name Francisco Pizarro gave this sophisticated city he founded. You see the Spanish heritage in the balconies and graceful arches of 400-year-old architecture, a famous bull ring over 200 years old. You drive the Pan American Highway to the pre-Inca City of Pachacamac... return to superb Peruvian cuisine in old-world restaurants. Your guide will tell you where.

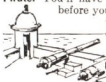


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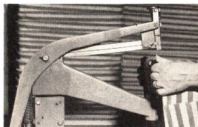
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NOVELIST BOURJAILY

Truths end up in the wastebasket.

has been praised for the lyricism and fantasy of such novels as *The End of My Life*, *The Violated*, this is a departure. But the bleak, well-carpeted prose suits the mood of "Quince," now in his late 30s, as he looks backwards.

Quince gives his 17-year-old self no grin of recognition, merely a perfunctory nod, as he introduces the boy. It is a year or so before World War II. Young Quince, after an East Coast childhood that the author all but ignores, talks his way into a copywriting job for a New York ad agency. He works here for a while, attends a New England college for a year or so, quits to enter the ambulance service after war breaks out, joins the infantry after desultory adventures, serves out his time in Japan and returns to the U.S., where he spends several months getting over the war.

The young Quince is reasonably intelligent, fairly likable, passably honest. He has the usual young man's experiences—first sex, first where, first love; first drink, first drunk; first despicable behavior that cannot be passed off as childishness. And, since this is largely a war novel, there is the first gonococcus and the first death. There is also the first, experimental puff of "Mary Warner" (marijuana). From time to time the exultation of horror or despair of youth will flicker in the memory of the man who recalls him. But the fire does not catch. The older Quince hears the truths, neither trivial nor profound, about war and sex and young manhood. Occasionally he toys with one thoughtfully, but in the end they are all cast away, like a wastebasketful of cigarette wrappers, soup cans or love letters.

Quince keeps silent about his present self, but the confession shows his shape, if not his features. He says early in the book—a good enough novel within its self-imposed limitations—that he has never had the slightest twinge of religious

feeling. And it is clear that he has none of the humanist's notion of the glory of man. Nor is he a nihilist. He is merely nihil, nothing, and so perhaps a child of the times.

Old Truth, New Shine

SPRING SONG AND OTHER STORIES (285 pp.)—Joyce Cary—Harper [\$3.95].

As a novelist and storyteller, the late Joyce Cary knew the neatest trick of all: from first to last, be sure to talk about people. He looked at them with love, which is bound to make a modern writer a little unfashionable, but the main thing is that he looked at them, sensing that each one was different from all the others. By being happily human, he was able to write well and perhaps importantly (*The Horse's Mouth*, *Mister Johnson*) without borrowing from the jargon of psychiatrists or social workers, without trying to change the world or tinkering with the essential nature of man.

Not all the stories in this collection are first-rate, and in one or two cases triteness successfully holds out against insight. But they all build on the constants in human experience. In *Success Story*, for instance, an ancient fellow approaches a park bench. "Then he turned himself carefully round; bringing into the spring sunlight, pale as a primrose, his dun face, hollow-cheeked and dry; the great orbits of his sunk eyes; the long nose fallen at the tip; his white mustache, of thin separate hairs like glass threads . . . A string of muscle jerked in the shadow of the cheekbone." His success is twofold. In the first place a child of three takes an incomprehensible fancy to him and for a few glorious minutes they play. Then the old boy experiences an even greater triumph: he is able to rise from the bench, regain his feet and totter on. "He had done it again."

And Cary has done it again. In four swift, sure, moving pages he has confronted youth with old age, invoked the spectrum of life from cradle to grave, under-scored the sad truth that there comes a time when just to be able to rise and walk is a cause for self-congratulation.

His stories of men at war seem simple to the point of casualness. But in *Umaru* he conveys in five short pages a deep feeling for Africa and for the ever-present officer-enlisted man relationship. His touch with children is just as sure; their cruelties, independence and single-mindedness are as transparent to him as they are incomprehensible to most adults. And the ironies of middle age hold no mysteries for him, either. *The Breakout* is an almost classic story of what happens to the poor devil who knows that neither his wife nor children really need him. When the victim tries to do what seems to him the intelligent thing, Cary's knowledge of people is used to truss him up like a sacrifice.

In all but a few of these stories, it is Cary's reliance on sharply observed everyday truths that makes the unremarkable glow remarkably. Here, as in his novels, nothing seems to be made up and everything seems worth hearing about.

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Because it commands the devotion of such men and their families, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has itself achieved considerable success. Annual rate of advertising growth, 27%. Circulation, nearing 950,000, has more than doubled in six years.

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Butterfield 8. The crude but affecting tart's tragedy of the O'Hara novel has become a sleek and libidinous lingerie meller—featuring Elizabeth Taylor as an enthusiastic amateur.

General della Rovere (in Italian). Roberto Rossellini's first spotlight film since *Paisan* (1946) tells the almost unbearably moving story of a petty larcenist, skillfully played by Vittorio De Sica, who through wartime suffering becomes the hero he was forced to impersonate.

Weddings and Babies. A brilliant technical tour de force by Shoestring Independent Morris (The Little Fugitive) Engel, whose candidly filmed story of a smalltime photographer and his "model" becomes a mordant Manhattan Orpheus.

It Happened in Broad Daylight. An expertly performed story by Swiss Author Friedrich Duerrenmatt about a cool cop's obsessive pursuit of a killer stir up an uncommon amount of suspense.

Never on Sunday. A seeming rehash of an old chestnut—the tale of reformer being reformed himself by a warmhearted prostitute—ends up a savory satire full of animal spirits and earthy humor. Director Jules (He Who Must Die) Dassin also plays the overgrown American boy scout, opposite mercurial Melina Mercouri's invincible Greek strumpet.

TELEVISION

Tues., Nov. 22

The Red Skelton Show (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.).* A reprise of the pantomime classic in which Freddie the Freeloader tries to cadge a Thanksgiving dinner.

Project 20 (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Hoagy Carmichael narrates *Those Ragtime Years*.

Wed., Nov. 23

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). *The Hidden World* demonstrates advanced techniques in the treatment of emotionally disturbed children.

Thurs., Nov. 24

Thanksgiving Parade Jubilee (CBS, 10-11:30 a.m.). Pickups from the Manhattan, Philadelphia and Detroit extravaganzas.

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade (NBC, 11-12 noon). The 34th Street operators at work for the 34th straight year. Color.

West Berlin Concert (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). A tape of the New York Philharmonic during the recent German visit, with Conductor Leonard Bernstein lecturing on "The Universality of Beethoven's Music" and doubling as soloist in Beethoven's *Concerto "No. 1" in C Major*.

No Place Like Home (NBC, 5:30-6:30 p.m.). A revue with music and lyrics by Mary Rodgers and Marshall Barer, the *Once Upon a Mattress* team, with José Ferrer and his wife Rosemary Clooney, Dick Van Dyke and Carol Burnett. Color.

Fri., Nov. 25

Close-Up (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). A documentary on money raising for charity, covering the feud between the independents and the United Funds, also touching on the illegitimate campaigns. Arthur Flemming.

* All times E.S.T.

Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, heads an impressive guest list.

The Bell Telephone Hour (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). *The Music of Romance*, dramatized episodes from Tchaikovsky's life, with Helen Hayes as his patroness, Mme. Von Meck, playing opposite Farley Granger as the composer. Color.

CBS Reports (CBS, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). In *Harvest of Shame* the plight of the migratory worker is pondered by Ed Murrow and Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell among others.

Sat. Nov. 26

The Nation's Future (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). One of the season's most notable new programs this week squares off the Rev. Martin Luther King and Richmond (Va.) News-Leader Editor James J. Kilpatrick on the question, "Are sit-in strikes justifiable?"

Sun. Nov. 27

Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). The premiere of 26 promising episodes taken from Sir Winston's World War II memoirs, with Richard Burton rendering the Churchillian prose. The opener recalls his prewar period—"lonely as a tough old sea gull: crying out, warning, pleading."

THEATER

On Broadway

Period of Adjustment. Unexpectedly off the *Streetcar* track and concluding with togetherness instead of cannibalism, Broadway's longtime laureate of sex, Tennessee Williams, has written a deft domestic comedy about two couples' marital adjustment; the result is lively but superficial, and as often forced as forceful.

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May. With their eyes deadly keen and their tongues brilliantly sharp, these free-wheeling improvisationists devastate the fatuous, vulgar, neurotic and just plain human, lacing into everything from the old Tennessee Williams to the P.T.A.

The Unsinkable Molly Brown. A merely pleasant score by Meredith Willson and a funny-paper treatment of the tale of an illiterate, Missouri-born status seeker are kept afloat only through the magic of the unquenchable Tammy Grimes.

A Taste of Honey. An unblinking look at some of the world's misfits and misfortunes, set down in leaping language by Britain's Shelagh Delaney and further enhanced by the stunning performance of Joan Plowright.

Irma La Douce. Elizabeth Seal, playing Broadway's most charming chipper, keeps this small-scale musical kicking its heels with Parisian verve and pertness.

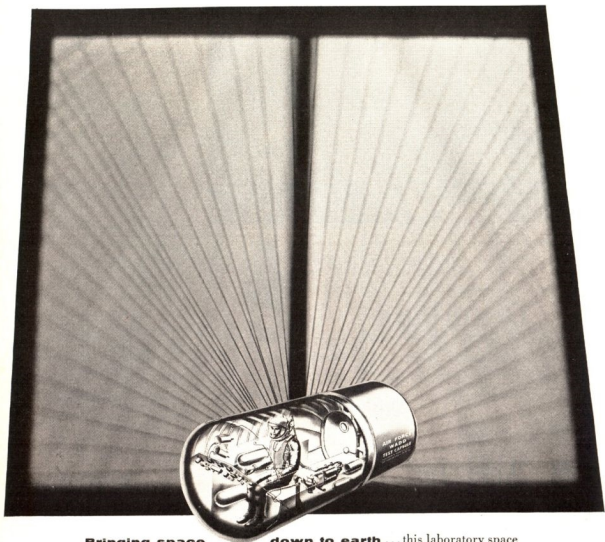
The Hostage. Less a play than a dramatization of the playwright, this sprawling, incoherent account by Brendan Behan of an English soldier held as hostage in a Dublin brothel is howlingly off key as well as marvelously in tune.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Light in the Piazza, by Elizabeth Spencer. A succinct, unusually fine novel about Americans abroad confronts a Southern woman and her mentally de-

OUT OF THE LABORATORY



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ficient daughter with an Italian family's ruthlessness and odd humaneness.

The Life and Opinions of T.E. Hulme, by Alun R. Jones. A scholarly, well-wrought biography of the eccentric English intellectual who took all knowledge for his hobby and who, despite his death at age 34 on the Western Front in 1917, was to become a neo-orthodox shaper of the 20th century consciousness.

Laughter in the Dark, by Vladimir Nabokov. This revival of a prehumous (1938) novel, although a mere Pninprick compared to the author's subsequent slash, foreshadows the maturer talent in describing a middle-aged Berlin art dealer of *The Blue Angel* epoch, whose life and dignity are degraded by a woman.

The Metamorphosis of the Gods, by André Malraux. A handsomely illustrated, portable Uffizi-cum-Louvre and a flight of speculation that soars from the Sphinx to Botticelli's *Venus*.

The Go-Away Bird, by Muriel Spark. In the title novella and in ten accompanying short stories—mostly semi-supernatural suspense tales—the talented Scottish novelist (*The Ballad of Peckham Rye*) displays her deft, deceiving style and consummate con-woman skill in unmasking the hoaxing face of the world.

Rabbit, Run, by John Updike. A powerful and relentlessly depressing story about the crackup of an unspeakable Hollow Man whom the author perhaps mistakes for Everyman.

Incense to Idols, by Sylvia Ashton-Warner. Proving that the power and insight of her first novel, *Spinster*, sprang from an exceptional talent rather than from mere autobiographical circumstances, the New Zealand schoolteacher dazzlingly describes an amoral and shatteringly beautiful pianist.

Prospero's Cell and Reflections on a Marine Venus, by Lawrence Durrell. A publishing duet, about the islands of Corfu and Rhodes, by the author of *The Alexandria Quartet*, confirms his superlative gift as a travel writer who uses scenery to intensify personal feeling.

Best Sellers

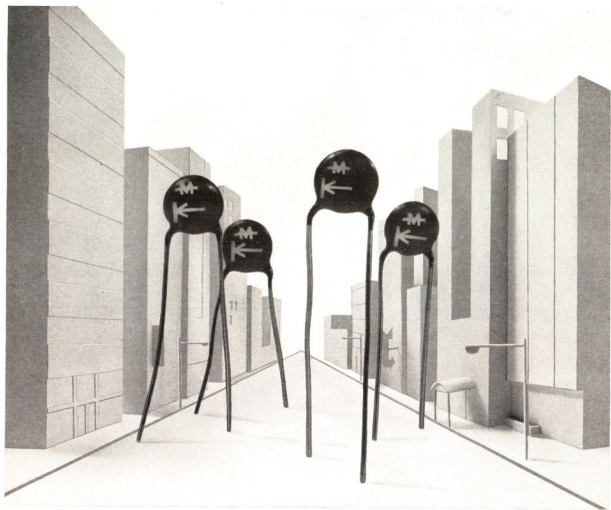
FICTION

1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (1)*
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (2)
3. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (3)
4. *The Lovely Ambition*, Chase (5)
5. *Mistress of Mellyn*, Holt (7)
6. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee (4)
7. *The Dean's Watch*, Goudge (8)
8. *The Child Buyer*, Hersey
9. *The Last of the Just*, Schwarz-Bart (9)
10. *Rabbit, Run*, Updike

NONFICTION

1. *The Waste Makers*, Packard (1)
2. *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, Shirer (2)
3. *Born Free*, Adamson (4)
4. *Baruch: The Public Years* (5)
5. *The Politics of Upheaval*, Schlesinger (6)
6. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (7)
7. *Taken at the Flood*, Gunther
8. *The Liberal Hour*, Galbraith (8)
9. *How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market*, Darvas (9)
10. *Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any Difference?*, Schlesinger (3)

* Position on last week's list.



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